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STORIES

FOR

CHILDREN,

FROM

"EARLY LESSONS."

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

ROSAMOND,

PART I.

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ROSAMOND.

THE PURPLE JAR.

ROSAMOND, a little girl of about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops, and she saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them: but there were a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, and carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"O mother, how happy I should be," said she, as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke, they came to a milliner's shop; the windows were hung with ribands and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"O mamma, what beautiful roses! won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and they came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye: it was a jeweller's shop; and there were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, you'll buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; but any of them, for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but what use would they be of to me?"

"Use! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other, if you would only buy them first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

"Well, then, mamma, there are buckles: you know buckles are useful things, very useful things."

"I have a pair of buckles, I don't want another pair," said her mother, and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that.

"O mother! oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand; "Look, look! blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! O mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before; "What use would they be of to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look so pretty

on the chimney-piece; I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother; "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I'm sure I should not; I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money?"

"Yes, I have."

"Dear, if I had money, I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and every thing." Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"O mamma, would you stop a mi-

nute for me; I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How comes there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma —it comes in there; my shoes are quite worn out; I wish you'd be so very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and every thing."

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stones, began to give her so much pain, that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoe-maker's shop soon afterwards.

"There! there! mamma, there are shoes: there are little shoes, that would just fit me; and you know shoes would be really of use to me."

"Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in." She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, "you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?"

"No, not nearly; it's black and dark, and there is nothing but shoes all round; and, besides, there's a very disagreeable smell."

"That smell is the smell of new leather."

"Is it? Oh!" said Rosamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little shoes; they'll just fit me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps they might, but you cannot be sure, till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure, that you should like the purple vase *exceedingly*, till you have examined it attentively."

"Why, I don't know about the shoes, certainly, till I've tried; but, mamma, I'm quite sure I should like the flower-pot."

"Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar, if you please."

"But, I should tell you, that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month! that's a very long time, indeed. You can't think how these hurt me; I believe I'd better have the new shoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot —— Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad; I think I might wear them a little longer; and the month will soon be over: I can make them last to the end of the month; can't I? Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself: you will have time enough to consider about it, whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure; and whilst her mother was speaking to him Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in her hand.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma!—yes—I believe. If you please—I should like the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you are to judge for yourself, you should choose what will make you the happiest; and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

"Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot would make me the happiest," said she, putting on her old shoe again; "so I choose the flower-pot."

"Very well, you shall have it; clasp your shoe and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe, and ran after her mother; it was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times she was obliged to stop, to take the stones out of her shoe, and often was she obliged to hop with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt her joy redouble, upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she had in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I'm afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond," said her

mother to her, when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say; and sha'n't I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot?"

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected: but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up, with an exclamation of joy; "I may have it now, mamma?" "Yes, my dear, it is yours." Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear mother," cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "but there's something dark in it—it smells very disagreeably—what is it? I didn't want this black stuff."

"Nor I neither, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But it will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I can't help."

"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"That's as you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a *purple* vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour, merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry, my dear?"

said her mother; "it will be of as much use to you now as ever for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece; I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it; and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed indeed; I wish I had believed you beforehand. Now I had much rather have the shoes; for I shall not be able to walk all this month: even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice; and now the best thing you can possibly do is, to bear your disappointment with good humour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said

Rosamond, wiping her eyes; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here: many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything, she was pulling her shoes up at the heels and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glass-house, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but when she was quite ready, had her hat and

gloves on, and was making haste down stairs to her brother and her father, who were waiting at the hall-door for her, the shoe dropped off: she put it on again in a great hurry; but as she was going across the hall her father turned round. "Why, are you walking slip-shod? No one must walk slip-shod with me; why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; go, I cannot take you with me."

Rosamond coloured and retired—"O mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes—they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but I hope I shall be wiser another time."

THE

TWO PLUMS.

"WHAT are you looking for, Rosamond?" said her mother.

Rosamond was kneeling upon the carpet, and leaning upon both her hands, looking for something very earnestly.

"Mamma," said she, pushing aside her hair which hung over her face, and looking up with a sorrowful countenance, "I am looking for my needle; I have been all this morning, ever since breakfast, trying to find my needle, and I cannot find it."

"This is not the first needle that you have lost this week, Rosamond."

"No, mamma,"

"Nor the second."

"No, mamma."

"Nor the third."

Rosamond was silent; for she was

ashamed of having been so careless as to lose four needles in one week.

"Indeed, mamma," said she, after being silent for some time, "I stuck it very carefully into my work, when I put by my work yesterday, I think, but I am not quite sure of that."

"Nor I either," said her mother; "I cannot be sure of that, because I know you have the habit of leaving your needle loose, hanging by the thread, when you leave off work."

"But I thought that I had cured myself of that, mamma: look here, mamma, I can show you in my work the very holes where I stuck my needle; I assure you it falls out after I have stuck it in, because I shake my work generally before I fold it up."

"Then I advise you to cure yourself of shaking your work before you fold it up; then the needle will not drop out; then you will not spend a whole

morning crawling upon the ground to look for it."

"I am sure I wish I could cure myself of losing my needles; for I lost, besides my needle, a very pleasant walk yesterday, because I had no needle, and I could not sew on the string of my hat: and the day before yesterday I was not ready for dinner, and papa was not pleased with me: and do you know, mamma, the reason I was not ready for dinner was, that you had desired me to mend the tuck of my frock."

"Nay, Rosamond, I do not think *that* was the reason."

"Yes, I assure you it was, mother, for I could not come down before I had mended that tuck, and I could not find my needle, and I lost all my time looking for it, and I found it but just before the dinner-bell rang."

"Then, by your own account, Rosamond, it was your having lost your

needle that was the cause of your being late for dinner, not my desiring you to mend your frock."

"Yes, mamma; but I think the reason that my sister Laura keeps her needles so safely is, that she has a housewife to keep them in, and I have no housewife, mamma, you know. Would you be so very good, mamma, as to give me a housewife, that I may cure myself of losing my needles?"

"I am glad," said her mother, "that you wish, my dear, to cure yourself of any of your little faults; as to the housewife, I'll think about it."

A few days after Rosamond had asked her mother for a housewife, as she was watering her flowers in the garden she heard the parlour window opening, and she looked and saw her mother beckoning to her—she ran in—it was in the evening, a little while after dinner.

"Look upon the table, Rosamond,"

said her mother, "and tell me what you see."

"I see two plums, mamma," said Rosamond, smiling, "two nice ripe purple plums."

"Are you sure, that you see two nice ripe purple plums?"

"Not *quite* sure, mamma," said Rosamond, who at this instant recollected the purple jar; "but I will, if you please, look at them a little nearer."

She went up to the table, and looked at them. "May I touch them, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

Rosamond touched them, and tried to smell them, and then exclaimed, "One is quite hard, and the other is soft—One is a great deal colder than the other—One smells like a plum, and the other has no smell at all—I am glad I was not quite sure, mamma; for I do believe that one of them is not a plum,

but a stone—a stone painted to look like a plum."

"You are very right," said her mother: "and I am glad you remembered the purple jar. Now eat the real plum, if you like to eat it."

Rosamond ate the plum, and she said that it was very sweet and good. Whilst she was eating it, she looked very often at the stone, that was painted to look like a plum; and she said, "How very pretty it is! It is quite like a real plum—I dare say, nobody would find out that it was not a plum, at first sight—I wonder whether Laura, or my brother George, would find it out as soon as I did—I should like to have that stone plum, mamma. If you had given me my choice, I would rather have had it than the real plum, which I have eaten, because the pleasure of eating a plum, you know, mamma, is soon over; but *that*," said Rosamond, pointing to

the plum that was made of stone, "would last for ever, you know,

"Which do you mean, my dear, that the stone would last for ever, or that the pleasure of having that stone plum would last for ever?"

Rosamond considered for a little while, and then answered, "I don't know, mamma, exactly which I meant; but I mean now, that I think I should have a great deal of pleasure in showing that stone plum to Laura and my brother, and that I should like to have it for my own, because it is very pretty, and curious, and ingenious—and I mean, that I would much rather have had it than the plum which I have ate, if you had been so good as to have given me my choice."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "as you have eaten the plum, you cannot, perhaps, tell exactly which you would have chosen."

"Oh, yes, indeed, mamma, I am sure, almost sure, I should have chosen the stone plum. I know, this instant, if you were to offer me another real plum, or this," said Rosamond, taking the stone in her hand, "I know which I should choose."

Rosamond was looking so earnestly at the stone plum, that she did not, for some instants, perceive a housewife, which her mother placed upon the table before her.

"A housewife!—a red leather housewife, mamma!" she exclaimed, as soon as she saw it, and she put down the stone plum.

Her mother now placed the plum and the housewife beside one another, and said to her, "Take your choice of these two, my dear; I will give you either the housewife or the stone plum, whichever you like best."

"I hope, mamma," said Rosamond,

with a very prudent look—"I hope I shall not make such a silly choice as I did about the purple jar—let us consider —the plum is the prettiest, certainly; but then, to be sure, the housewife would be the most useful; I should not lose my needles, if I had the housewife to keep them in. I remember I wished for a housewife, and asked you for one the other day, mamma. I am very much obliged to you for getting this for me. Did you get it on purpose for *me*, mamma?"

"It does not signify, my dear, whether I did or not—you need not think about that at present, but consider which of the two things that are before you, you prefer."

"Prefer means like best—I prefer ——" said Rosamond, "but stay, I have not done considering yet—the housewife; I should not be so apt to lose my needles, and I like to cure myself of my

little faults. I was very happy when you smiled and praised me, mamma, and said, the other day, that you were glad to see that I wished to cure myself of my little faults; and I dare say, mamma, that you will smile a great deal more, and be a great deal more pleased with me, when I really have quite entirely cured myself."

"I don't promise you, my dear," said her mother, "that I should smile a great deal more, but I certainly should be much more pleased to see, that you had really cured yourself of any bad habit, than I was to hear you *say*, that you wished to improve yourself."

"But then, mamma," said Rosamond, "losing my needles—the habit I mean of losing my needles—is but a *very* little fault; and I think I could cure myself of that without having a housewife. You know I might, as you said, cure myself of shaking my work before

I fold it up, and *that* would prevent the needle from dropping out, so that I think I might do without the housewife —what do you think, mamma? but I need not ask you, because I know you will say, as you did about the purple jar, '*think for yourself, my dear.*'"

Rosamond, as she pronounced the words *purple jar*, turned her eyes from the stone plum, and fixed them upon the housewife.

"The housewife will be the most *useful* to me, certainly—I choose the housewife, mamma, and I'll cure myself of my little faults, and you shall see, I hope, that I shall not lose my needles so often. This housewife will last and be of use to me a great while, and the pleasure of seeing Laura and my brother mistake that stone for a plum would soon be over; and, as to its being pretty, I should soon be tired of looking at it, and forget it, as I forgot—I re-

member—I mean as I remember that I forgot the pretty gilt coach and six, after I had had it three or four days. I hope, dear mamma, that I have considered well this time, and I think that I have chosen better than I did about the purple jar."

"I think you have, my dear little girl," said her mother.

Some weeks after Rosamond had chosen the red leather housewife, her brother came to her, and said, "Can you lend me a needle, Rosamond? my father says that he will show us something, that will entertain us, if you can."

"Yes," said Rosamond, "I can lend you a needle; I have never lost one since I have had this housewife;" she took out of her housewife a needle, and lent it to her brother; and he said, "Thank you, come with me; papa said, that if you had your needle safe, you should see what he is going to show to us."

Her father showed her and her brother several experiments with her needle and a magnet; and Rosamond was much entertained with seeing these experiments, and she was very glad that she had cured herself of the habit of losing her needles; and she said, "Mother, I am glad I chose the red leather housewife, that has been so useful to me, instead of the stone plum, which would have been of no use to me."

THE

INJURED ASS.

"ARE you very busy, mamma?" said Rosamond—"Could you be so good as to look at your watch, once more, and tell me what o'clock it is—only once more, mamma?"

"My dear Rosamond, I have looked at my watch for you four times within this hour—It is now exactly twelve o'clock."

"Only twelve, mamma! Why, I thought the hour-glass must have been wrong; it seems a great deal more than an hour since I turned it, and since you told me it was exactly eleven o'clock—It has been a very long, long hour, mamma—Don't you think so, Laura?"

"No, indeed," said Laura, looking up from what she was doing; "I thought it was a very short hour;—I was quite surprised, when you said, mamma, that it was twelve o'clock."

"Ah, that is only because you were so busy drawing; I assure you, Laura, that I, who have been watching the sand running all the time, must know best; it has been the longest hour I ever remember."

"The hour in itself has been the same to you and to Laura," said her mother: "how comes it, that one has thought it long and the other short?"

"I have been waiting and wishing all the time, mamma, that it was one o'clock, that I might go to my brothers, and see the soap bubbles they promised to show me. Papa said, that I must not knock at his door till the clock strikes one. Oh, I've another long hour to wait," said Rosamond, stretching herself and gaping; "another whole long hour, mamma."

"Why should it be a long hour, Rosamond?—Whether it should seem long or short to you may be just as you please."

"Nay, mamma, what can I do? I can shake the hour-glass, to be sure: that makes the sand run a little faster," said Rosamond; and she shook the glass as she spoke.

"And can you do nothing else, Rosamond," said her mother, "to make the hour go faster?"

"Nothing, that I know of, mamma. Tell me what I can do?"

"You told us just now the reason that Laura thought the last hour shorter than you did."

"O, because she was busy, I said."

"Well, Rosamond, and if you were busy——"

"But, mamma, how can I be busy, as Laura is about drawing? You know I'm not old enough yet: I have never learned to draw; I have no pencil; I have no paper; I have no rubber-out; how can I be busy, as Laura is, about drawing, mamma?"

"And is there nothing in this world,

Rosamond, that people can be busy about, except drawing? I am at work, and I am busy. Is there nothing you can do without a pencil, paper, and rubber, and without being as old as Laura?"

"Suppose, mamma, I ware to wind that skein of red silk now, which you desired me to wind before night; perhaps that would make the hour shorter — Eh, mamma! Will it, do you think?"

"You had better try the experiment, and then you will know, my dear," said her mother.

"Is that an experiment too? Well, I'll try it," said Rosamond, "if you will be so good as to lend me your silk-winders, mamma."

Her mother lent Rosamond the winders; and she began to wind the silk: it happened to be a skein difficult to wind; it was entangled often, and Rosamond's attention was fully employed

in trying to disentangle it. "There, mamma," said she, laying the ball of silk upon the table after she had wound the whole skein, "I have only broken it five times; and I have not been long in winding it, have I, mamma?"

"Not very long, my dear," said her mother; "only half an hour."

"Half an hour, dear mamma! surely it is impossible that it can be half an hour since I spoke last; since I was talking to you about the hour-glass." Rosamond turned to look at the hour-glass, and she was surprised to see the hill of sand so large in the undermost glass. "This has been a very short half hour, indeed, mamma. You were right; having something to do makes the time seem to go fast. Now, mamma, do you know, that I don't particularly like winding silk; I mean entangled skeins; and I dare say, that, if I had been doing something that I liked better, the half-

hour would have seemed shorter still. I have another half-hour, mamma, before I go to Godfrey and the soap bubbles. Mamma, if you could think of something for me, that I should like very much to do, I might try another experiment; I might try whether the next half hour would not seem to go faster even than the last."

"Well, my dear Rosamond," said her mother, smiling, "as you thought of something to do for yourself when I wished it, I will try if I can find something for you to do now that you will like." Her mother opened the drawer of her table, and took out of it a very small manuscript covered with marble paper.

"What is that, mamma?" cried Rosamond.

"A little story," said her mother. "founded on fact."

"What's the name of it, dear mamma?"

"The Injured Ass."

"The Injured Ass;—I'm glad of it—I like the name."

"But you cannot read writing well, Rosamond."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, "I dare say I shall be able to make this out; it seems to be very plainly written, and in a large round hand; I am glad of that; may I read it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and, when you have read it to yourself, you may, if you like it, read it aloud to Laura and to me."

Rosamond took the little manuscript and began to read it to herself; and with Laura's assistance, she made out all the words.

"Now, mamma, may I read it to you and Laura? I have read it all. I have not been long, have I, mamma? May I begin?"

Her mother assented, and she read the following story:—

‘*The Injured Ass.*

‘A king made a law, that if any person had reason to complain of being treated with great ingratitude, the inhabitants of the city where he dwelled should be summoned together by the ringing of a bell, that the ungrateful man might be brought before his fellow citizens, and punished by being exposed to public shame.

‘The inhabitants of this city were so virtuous that a long time passed away without any person being accused of great ingratitude. The bell became rusty; the rotten paling, which surrounded it, was overgrown with grass and weeds; when, late one night, the unaccustomed sound of the bell was heard. The inhabitants of the city surrounded the place, and, to their utmost surprise, they beheld a grey worn-out ass, who had come there, and by chance

entangled his feet in the chain of the bell, and by this means rang it. The owner of the ass was discovered: the neighbours all recollected, that it had been, in its youth, a most serviceable creature to him; by the money, which its labour had earned, his master had been enabled to purchase and enclose a bit of ground which formerly belonged to the common. The owner of the ass acknowledged that it had been very useful to him in its youth, but said that it was of no use to him now, and ate more than it was worth; so he had turned it loose to pick up a living in the mountains and commons, where he thought it might have found plenty of food.

'The deplorable condition of the poor creature was, however, sufficient evidence of its having been treated with great ingratitude, and the owner was condemned to pay a fine sufficient to maintain the ass comfortably for the re-

mainder of its days; and it was farther decreed, that the part of the common, which the master of the ass had been enabled to purchase by the work of this poor animal, should be thrown open again for cattle to graze upon.'

"That's the end of the story, mamma," said Rosamond; and she talked for some time about it to her mother, and the half hour seemed to have passed away very quickly; so very quickly, that she was surprised, when her brother came to tell her, that it was past one o'clock, and that he was ready to blow the soap bubbles.

ROSAMOND'S
DAY OF MISFORTUNES.

"Many a cloudy morning turns out a fine day."

"ARE you getting up so soon?" said Rosamond to her sister; "it seems to be a cold morning; it is very disagreeable to get up from one's warm bed, in cold weather; I will not get up yet."

So Rosamond, who was covered up warmly, lay quite still, looking at Laura, who was dressing herself as quickly as she could.

"It is a cold morning indeed," said Laura; "therefore I'll make haste, that I may go down and warm myself, afterwards, at the fire in mamma's dressing-room."

When Laura was about half dressed, she called again to Rosamond, and told her that it was late, and that she was afraid she would not be ready for breakfast.

But Rosamond answered, "I shall be ready, I shall be ready; for you know, when I make a great deal of haste, I can dress very quickly indeed Yesterday morning, I did not begin to dress till you were combing the last curl of your hair, and I was ready *almost* as soon as you were. Nay, Laura, why do you shake your head? I say *almost*— I don't say quite."

"I don't know what you call *almost*," said Laura, laughing; "I had been drawing some time before you came down stairs."

"But I looked at your drawing," said Rosamond, "the minute I came into the room, and I saw only three legs and a back of a chair; you know that was not much; it was hardly worth while to get up early to do so little."

"Doing a little and a little every morning makes something in time," said Laura.

"Very true," replied Rosamond; "you drew the whole of mamma's dressing-room, dressing-table and glass, and every thing, little by little, in—— what do you call it?—perspective—before breakfast! I begin to wish, that I could get up as you do; but then I can't draw in perspective."

"But, my dear Rosamond, whilst you are talking about perspective, you don't consider how late it is growing," said Laura; "why don't you get up now?"

"O, because it is too late to get up early now," argued Rosamond.

Satisfied with this reflection, Rosamond closed her eyes, and turned to go to sleep again. "When you come to the last curl, Laura, call me once more," said she, "and then I'll get up."

But in vain Laura called her again, warning her, that she was "come to the last curl."

Rosamond was more sleepy than ever,

and more afraid of the cold: at last, however, she was roused by the breakfast bell; she started up, exclaiming, "O Laura, what shall I do? I shall not be ready—my father will be displeased with me—And I've lost my lace—and I can't find my pocket-handkerchief—and all my things are gone. This will be a day of misfortunes, I'm sure—and the clasp is come out of my shoe," added she; and as she uttered these words in a doleful tone, she sat down upon the side of the bed and began to cry.

"Nay, don't cry," said Laura, "or else it *will* be a day of misfortunes; look, here's your pocket-handkerchief."

"But my lace!" said Rosamond, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "how can I be ready for breakfast without my lace; and my father will be very, very——"

"Very what?" said Laura, good-

humouredly; "here's the lace; sit up a minute, and I'll draw it out for you." Rosamond laughed, when she found that she was sitting upon her own lace, and she thanked her sister, who was now sewing the clasp into her shoe. "Well, I don't think it will be a day of misfortunes," said Rosamond, "you see I'm almost dressed, hey, Laura? and I shall be ready in pretty good time, and I shall be just as well as if I had got up an hour ago, hey, Laura?" But at this moment, Rosamond, in her violent haste, pulled the string of her cap into a knot, which she could not untie. Laura was going out of the room, but she called her back, in a voice of distress, and begged she would be so very good as to do one thing more for her; and, as Rosamond spoke, she held up her chin and showed the hard knot. Laura, whose patience was not to be conquered even by a hard knot, began very kindly to help her sister;

but Rosamond, between her dislike of the cold, and her fear that she should not be ready for breakfast, and that her father would be displeased with her, became more and more fretful; she repeated, "This *will* be a day of misfortunes, after all—it tires me, Laura, to hold up my chin so long." Laura knelt down to relieve her chin; but no sooner was this complaint removed, than Rosamond began to shiver extremely, and exclaimed, "It is so cold, I cannot bear it any longer, Laura—This will be a day of misfortunes—I would rather untie the knot myself—O, that's my father's voice; he is dressed! he is dressed, and I am not not half dressed!"

Rosamond's eyes were full of tears, and she was a melancholy spectacle, when her mother, at this instant, opened the room door. "What! not ready yet, Rosamond! and in tears. Look at this cross face," said her mother, leading

her to a looking-glass: "is that an agreeable little girl, do you think?"

"But I'm very cold, mamma; and I can't untie this knot; Laura, I think you have made it worse," said Rosamond, reproachfully.

At these words her mother desired Laura to go down stairs to breakfast. "Rosamond," added she, "you will not gain any thing by ill-humour: when you have done crying, and when you have dressed yourself, you may follow us down to breakfast."

As soon as her mother had shut the door and left her, Rosamond began to cry again; but, after some time, she considered, that her tears would neither make her warm, nor untie the knot of her cap; she therefore dried her eyes, and once more tried to conquer the grand difficulty. A little patience was all that was necessary; she untied the knot and finished dressing herself, but

she felt ashamed to go into the room to her father and mother, and brothers and sister. She looked in the glass to see whether her eyes continued red. Yes, they were very red, and her purple cheeks were glazed with tears. She walked backwards and forwards between the door and the looking-glass several times, and the longer she delayed the more unwilling she felt to do what was disagreeable to her. At length, however, as she stood with the door half open, she heard the cheerful sound of the voices in the breakfast-room, and she said to herself, "Why should not I be as happy as every body else is?" She went down stairs, and resolved, very wisely, to tell her father what had happened, and to be good-humoured and happy.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, when she came into the room, and when she told her father what had happened, "you look rather more agreeable now

than you did when I saw you a little while ago. We are glad to see that you can command yourself. Come now, and eat some breakfast."

Laura set a chair for her sister at the table near the fire, and Rosamond would have said, "Thank you," but that she was afraid to speak lest she should cry again. She began to eat her breakfast as fast as possible, without lifting up her eyes.

"You need not put quite such large pieces in your little mouth," said her mother; "and you need not look quite so dismal; all your misfortunes are over now, are they not?"

But at the word *misfortunes*, Rosamond's face wrinkled up into a most dismal condition, and the large tears, which had gradually collected in her eyes, rolled over her cheeks.

"What is the matter now, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"I don't know, mamma."

"But try to find out, Rosamond," said her mother; "think and tell me what it is that makes you look so miserable; if you can find out the cause of this woe, perhaps you will be able to put an end to it. What is the cause, can you tell?"

"The cause is—I believe, mamma, —because," said Rosamond, sobbing,— "because I think to-day will be a—will be a day of—a day of—a day of misfortunes."

"And what do you mean by a day of misfortunes, Rosamond? a day on which you are asked not to put large pieces of bread into your mouth?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, half laughing, "but——"

"But what? a day when you cannot immediately untie a knot?"

"Not *only* that, mamma," answered Rosamond: "but a day when every thing goes wrong."

"When you do not get up in proper time, for instance?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And whose fault was that, Rosamond—your's or the day's?"

"Don't you think it was partly the day's fault, mamma, because it was so cold? It was the cold that first prevented me from getting up; and then my not getting up was the cause of my being in a great hurry afterwards, and of my losing my lace and my pocket-handkerchief, and of my pulling the strings of my cap into a knot, and of my being cross to Laura, who was so good to me, and of your being displeased with me, and of all my misfortunes."

"So the *cold*, you think, was the cause of all these misfortunes, as you call them: but do you think that nobody has felt the cold this morning except yourself? Laura and I have felt the cold; and how comes it that we have had no misfortunes?"

"O mamma!" said Rosamond; "but you and Laura do not mind such little misfortunes. It would be very odd indeed, mamma" (and she burst out a laughing at the idea) "it would be very droll, indeed, if I were to find you crying because you could not untie the strings of your cap."

"Or because I was cold," added her mother, laughing with her.

"I was very foolish, to be sure, mamma," resumed Rosamond; "but there are two things I could say for myself, that would be some excuse."

"Say them then, my dear; I shall be glad to hear them."

"The first is, mamma, that I was a great deal longer in the cold this morning than any body else; therefore, I had more reason to cry, you know. And the second thing I have to say for myself is——"

"Gently," interrupted her mother;

"before you go to your second excuse let us consider whether your first is a good one.—How came you to stay longer in the cold, this morning, than any body else did?"

"Because, mamma, you sent Laura down stairs, and told me, I must untie the knot myself."

"And why did I send Laura down stairs, and say you must untie the knot for yourself?"

"Because I was cross to Laura, I believe."

"And what made you cross to Laura?"

"I was cross because I could not untie the knot that the strings of my cap had got into."

"*Had got into, Rosamond!* Did the strings get into a knot of themselves?"

"I mean I pulled them into a knot."

"And how came you to do that?"

"Because I was in a hurry."

"And how came you to be in a hurry?"

"O, I see, mamma, that you will say it was my own fault that I did not get up in proper time—But now for the second thing I have to say for myself: The strings of my cap are a great, great deal too short; and this more than the cold was the cause of all my misfortunes. You and Laura might have felt the cold, as you say, as much as I did; but neither of you had short strings to your caps—mamma," continued Rosamond, with an emphasis—"But" (pausing to reflect), she added—"I do not think that the cold or the strings were the *real* cause of my misfortunes. I don't think that I should have cried the first time, and I am almost sure that I should not have cried the second and third time, if it had not been for—something else. I am afraid, mamma, to tell you of this *something else*, because I know you will

say, that was more foolish than all the rest."

"But tell it to me, notwithstanding," said her mother, smiling, "because the way to prevent yourself from being foolish again is to find out what made you so just now. If you tell me what you think, and what you feel, perhaps I may help you to manage yourself so as to make you wise, and good and happy; but unless I know what passes in your little mind, I shall not be able to help you."

"I'll tell you directly, mamma; it was my thinking that to-day would be a day of misfortunes, that made me cry the second and third time; and do you know, mamma," continued Rosamond in a faultering mournful voice, "I don't know why—but I can hardly help feeling almost ready to cry when the same thing comes into my head again now. Do you think to-day *will* be a day of misfortunes, mamma?"

"I think, my dear," answered her mother, "that it will depend entirely upon yourself, whether it is or no. If you recollect, we have just discovered, that all your past *misfortunes*, as you call them——"

"Were my own fault, you are going to say, mamma," interrupted Rosamond; "that's the worst of it! That makes me more sorry, and not pleased with myself, nor with anything else, and ready to cry again, because I can't help it all now."

"Since you cannot help it all now," said her mother, "why should you cry about it? Turn your thoughts to something else. We cannot help what is past; but we can take care of the future."

"The future," repeated Rosamond: "aye, the time to come. To-morrow, let it be ever so cold, I'll get up in good time: and, as for to-day, I can't get up in good time to-day; but I may do some-

thing else that is right; and that may make me pleased with myself again—Eh, mamma?—There's a great deal of this day to come yet; and, if I take care, perhaps it will not be a day of misfortunes, after all. What do you think I had better do first, mamma?"

"Run about and warm these purple hands of yours, I think," said her mother.

"And, after that, mamma, what shall I do next."

"Do that first," said her mother, "and then we will talk about the next thing."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, casting a longing, lingering look at the fire, "it is *very* disagreeable to leave this nice warm room, and to go out to run in the cold."

"Don't you remember, Rosamond, how warm you made yourself by running about in the garden yesterday?

you said that you felt warm for a great while afterwards, and that you liked that kind of warmth better than the warmth of the fire."

"Yes; it is very true, mamma; one gets cold sooner after being at the fire—I mean, soon after one goes away from it: but still, it is disagreeable at first to go out in the cold; don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, I do; but I think also, that we should be able to do what is a little disagreeable, when we know that it will be for our good afterwards; and by putting off whatever is not quite agreeable to us to do, we sometimes bring ourselves into difficulties. Recollect what happened to a little girl this morning who did not get up because the cold was disagreeable."

"True, mamma; I will go."

"And I am going to walk," said her mother.

"In the garden, mamma, whilst I

run about? I am very glad of that, because I can talk to you between times, and I don't feel the cold so much when I'm talking. The snow is swept off the gravel walk, mamma, and there's room for both of us, and I'll run and set your clogs at the hall door, ready for your feet to pop into them."

THE ROBIN.

Rosamond found it cold when she first went out, but she ran on as fast as she could, singing

> Good, happy, gay,
> One, two, three, and away,

till she made herself quite warm.

"Feel my hands, mamma," said she, "not my purple hands, now—feel how warm they are. You see, mamma, I'm able to do what is a little disagreeable to me, when it is for my good afterwards, as you said, mamma."

Rosamond, who was now warm enough to be able to observe, saw, while

she was speaking to her mother, a robin redbreast, which was perched at a little distance from her upon a drift of snow. He did not seem to see Rosamond, which rather surprised her. "He must be very cold, or very tame, or very stupid," whispered she; "I'll go nearer to him." At her approach he hopped back a few paces, but then stood still. "Poor robin! pretty robin! he opens his eyes, he looks at me, he is not stupid, he likes me, I dare say, and that is the reason he does not fly away. Mamma, I think he would let me take him up in my hand—may I, mamma? he does not stir."

"I am afraid he is hurt, or ill—take care that you don't hurt him, Rosamond."

"I'll take the greatest care, mamma," said Rosamond, stooping down softly, and putting her hand over the little bird —"Hush! I have him safe, mamma—

his little claws stick to the snow—he is very cold, for he trembles—and he is frightened—there is something come over his eyes—he is ill—what shall I do with him, mamma? May I take him into the house and hold him to the fire, and then give him a great many crumbs to make him quite well?"

Rosamond's mother advised her not to hold the bird to the fire, but said that she might take him into the house and warm him by degrees in her warm hands.

"How lucky it is that my hands are warm, and how glad I am that I came out," cried Rosamond. "Pretty robin, he is better, mamma—he opened his eyes—I'll take him in and show him to Laura."

This poor robin had been almost starved by cold and hunger, but he was gradually recovered by Rosamond's care, and she rejoiced that she had saved the

little bird's life. Her mother gave her some crumbs of bread for him; and whilst the robin redbreast was picking up the crumbs, Rosamond stood by watching him with great delight.

"What are become of all your misfortunes, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"*My* misfortunes! — what misfortunes?—O, I had quite forgot—I was thinking of the robin's misfortunes."

"Which were rather greater than yours, Eh, Rosamond?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "my knot was no great misfortune; I wonder I could *think* about such little things. But you see, mamma, this has not been a day of misfortunes after all. I am very happy now—I am pleased with myself,—I have saved the life of this poor little robin; and, if I had cried all day long, it would not have done so much good; it would not have done any good. There is only

one thing I don't feel quite pleased with myself about yet—Laura! I'm sorry I was cross to Laura about the knot—what can I do to make amends for that, mamma?—I'll never be cross again; I'll tell her so.

"No, I advise you not to tell her so, Rosamond, lest you should not be able to keep your promise——"

"If there should come another knot to-morrow, mamma! but I think it would be a good thing to prevent that. Mamma, will you be so good as to give me two long bits of tape, and I will sew them on my cap."

Her mother said that she thought it was wise of Rosamond to prevent *misfortunes*, instead of crying about them after they had happened: she gave her the two bits of tape, and Rosamond sewed them on her cap.

As soon as she had finished this affair, she returned to her robin, who

was now flying about the room, and Laura was looking at him. "Laura, is not it a pretty robin?"

"Very pretty, indeed," said Laura.

"Should not you like to have such a robin very much, Laura?" continued Rosamond.

"I like to see him, and to hear him sing, and to feed him," answered Laura.

"Well, but should you not like to have him in a cage for your own?" said Rosamond; and at the same moment she whispered to her mother, "Mamma, do you know I intend to give him to Laura?"

But how much was Rosamond surprised and disappointed when her sister answered, "No, I should not like to keep him in a cage, because I do not think he would be happy. I have heard that robin redbreasts die soon if they are kept in cages."

"Dear, that is very unlucky indeed,"

said Rosamond, "particularly as I was just going to offer to give you my robin. But you know you need not keep him in a cage, he may fly about in this room as he does now, and you may feed him every day; should not you like that, Laura? and should not you be much obliged to me then?"

Laura perceived that Rosamond was anxious she should answer *yes*, and she was unwilling to displease her by refusing to accept of her offer, she therefore hesitated a little.

"Why don't you say yes or no?" said Rosamond, in rather an impatient tone:—she had at this instant need of all her command over herself, to keep to her late excellent resolution, '*never to be* cross again.'—Her mother's eye luckily was upon her, and, with a sudden change of countenance, Rosamond smiled and said, "No, mamma, I have not forgot—you see I am good-humoured—I am only

a little sorry that Laura does not seem to like to have my little robin—I thought she would be so pleased with him."

"So I am pleased with him," replied Laura, "and very much obliged to you for offering to give him to me, but I do not wish to keep him; I once took care of a poor robin, and fed him almost all winter; but at last a sad accident happened to him; don't you remember, Rosamond, he flew upon the bars of the grate in mamma's dressing-room, and he was terribly burnt! and he died?"

Rosamond was touched by the recollection of this poor bird's sufferings; and, after expressing some regret at the thoughts of parting with the pretty robin, which was now upon the table, she determined to open the window, and to let the bird fly away, or stay, whichever he liked best. The robin fluttered for some time near the window, then returned to the crumbs upon

the table, pecked them, hopped about, and seemed in no haste to be gone; at last, however, he flew. "O mamma, he is gone for ever!" said Rosamond; "but I did right to let him do as he pleased, did not I, mamma? it was very disagreeable to me indeed to open the window; but you know, mamma, you told me, that we must sometimes do what is disagreeable, when it is to be for our good afterwards; this is not for my good, but for the bird's good. Well, I hope it will be for his good! at any rate, I have done rightly."

Whilst Rosamond was yet speaking, the robin returned and perched upon the window-stool. Laura scattered some crumbs upon the floor within sight of the window; the bird hopped in, and flew away with one of the crumbs in his beak. "I dare say," said Rosamond, "he will often come back; every day, perhaps, Laura: O,

how glad I should be of that! would not you, mamma?"

"My dear little girl," said her mother, "I should be glad of it: I am very much pleased to see that you can command your temper, and that you can use your understanding to govern yourself." Rosamond's mother stroked her daughter's hair upon her forehead as she spoke, and then gave her two kisses.

"Ah, mamma," said Rosamond, "this is not a day of misfortunes, indeed."

"No, my dear," said her mother, "it is not; and I wish in all your little and great misfortunes you may manage yourself as well as you have done to-day."

Rosamond's prudent precaution, in sewing longer strings to her cap, proved successful; for a whole month she was dressed in proper time; and her father, to reward her for keeping her good resolutions, lent her a nice little machine

of his for drawing perspective; she was allowed to use it before breakfast only, and she felt the advantage of getting up in proper time.

The robin redbreast returned regularly every day to the window to be fed, and when the window happened to be shut, he pecked at it with his little beak till it was opened for him. He at last grew so familiar that he would eat out of Rosamond's hand.

"How much pleasure I should have lost, mamma," said Rosamond, one morning, when the bird was eating out of her hand, "if I had not done what was a little disagreeable to me on that cold day—which I thought would have been a day of misfortunes."

RIVULETTA.

In the spring, Rosamond and Laura went with their father and mother into the country, and they were very eager, the evening of their arrival, to walk out to look at the flowers and shrubs, and to visit all their favourite walks.

"As soon as ever dinner is over, mamma, I'll go out if you please, and run down to the water-side to see the early rose-tree that you planted last year. I remember the place exactly; and, mamma, if there is a rose blown, may I gather it for you?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother; "but I advise you not to raise your expectations too high, lest you should be disappointed. Look at that dark cloud; I think we shall have a storm of hail."

"O no, mamma," said Rosamond, "it will blow over. You see we have

just done dinner. There! the cloth is gone now, and I shall have time, before it hails, to run as far as the early rose-tree and back again."

Rosamond put on her hat and ran away; she returned soon afterwards, quite out of breath, with an early rose-bud in her hand, if rose-bud that might be called, in which scarcely a streak of red was visible.

"Here, mamma, is the first rose you've had this year!" cried Rosamond, as soon as she had breath enough to express her admiration. "Is not it beautiful? and you see I had quite time enough, mamma; it only just began to hail as I came in."

"I see a few hailstones melting upon your hat, however, Rosamond; and have you not been in rather too great a hurry to gather this beautiful rose? it would have been more blown, it might have been a pretty rose-bud, if you had had

patience to wait till to-morrow, or till the day afterwards."

"But that would have been a great while to wait, mamma: I can pull the red leaves open, and make it a full-blown rose in a minute."

"I think it would be better to put it in water, and leave it to blow," said her mother: "if you pull it open you will spoil it; and to-morrow will come; therefore we had better think of to-morrow as well as of to-day."

Rosamond paused—"Yes, mamma," said she, "I think it will be better to wait till to-morrow. I'll put the rose-bud into water, if you will be so good as to lend me a tumbler."

Her mother poured some water into a tumbler: Rosamond put the rose-bud into it, and, as she placed it on the chimney-piece, exclaimed, "I wish to-morrow was come!"

"And why should we lose to-day?" said her mother.

"Because, mamma, don't you see that it is hailing as hard as it can hail? and there will be no more pleasure to-day; the grass will be so wet, even if the storm should blow over before sunset, that I shall not be able to run upon the grass any more."

"And cannot you possibly be happy without running upon the grass? you did not run upon the grass yesterday evening, and I think you were tolerably happy."

"Yes, mamma: but do you think the storm will soon be over or not? I'll stand at the window and watch that great black cloud."

In vain Rosamond watched the clouds; there was no hope that the evening would clear up; and she turned to Laura to ask her whether this was not very provoking; but Laura was reading instead of watching the clouds.

Rosamond thought that what Laura was reading must be very interesting

as it could fix her attention in such a moment as this; and, going up softly behind her sister, she exclaimed, as she read the title,—"Rivuletta!—Dear Laura, my mother gave you *that*, I remember, a whole week ago, and you have kept it all this time; have you never read it yet?"

"No," said Laura "because I happened to have a great many other things to do, and I kept the pleasure of reading this till the last; and now this rainy evening I have something to make me amends."

"For not going out," said Rosamond; "I should like to see whether it would make me amends too. I am glad you kept it for a rainy evening; that was very *prudent*, as mamma says.—Now you have only read one page, will you be so very good as to begin again and read it to me?"

Laura kindly complied with her sis-

ter's request; and, as soon as Rosamond had settled herself to her satisfaction, began to read the story.

'RIVULETTA, A DREAM.'

"A dream! I like dreams," said Rosamond; "but I won't interrupt you."

'It happened towards the middle of June, that I rose remarkably early to take a walk through the country before the sultry beams of the sun had yet heated the atmosphere: and wandering wherever the windings of the path led me, I arrived at the gate of a magnificent garden; the gardener, immediately perceiving me, desired that I should walk in, with which request I readily complied, and surveyed with delight the variety of shrubs and flowers which the garden produced; at length, reposing myself among the twisting branches of an honey-suckle, within full view of a

large and costly bed of tulips, Morpheus closed my eyes, and sent to me from heaven the following dream:—

'On the tallest, largest, finest tulip that bloomed in the garden methought there settled a butterfly of uncommon beauty, between whose downy wings reclined a little fairy. Her form was inexpressibly elegant: sweetness, and gaiety, and youth were blended in her countenance, with innocence and unaffected grace, that she seemed as if she were that moment come to life; her flowing robe was tinctured with all the variety of colours that it was possible for nature or art to conceive; her eyes were of a vivid blue; and her flaxen hair waved in ringlets upon her shoulders. Small though she was, I could distinguish every fold in her garment, nay, even every azure vein that wandered beneath her snowy skin. As I was thus contemplating her with attention, she

disengaged herself from the butterfly, whom she managed with a silken rein, leaving it to range about the garden at pleasure; and perching herself upon the stamina of the tulip, she began to diversify it with the very finest tinctures. She placed in her lap a little tablet covered with a numberless variety of different colours, which she by degrees laid on the surface of the flower with a pencil made of the softest hairs imaginable, wetting it every now and then with the dew-drops that still remained scattered up and down the leaves. Methought, as I gazed upon her, that I never in my life beheld a more beautiful picture. And now, that her morning work was just completed, she gathered a handful of farina off a neighbouring flower, and began to sprinkle it over the yet moist tulip, to give it that velvet gloss, which is so peculiarly beautiful, when I happened to turn my

head, and, to my great surprise, I beheld my youngest daughter running to seize hold of the butterfly, which she was just on the point of catching, when her foot slipped, and she crushed at once, by her fall, the flower and the pretty little object of her wishes; even the fairy had but a narrow escape, by concealing herself under a shell, that chanced to be beneath the tulip.

'The beauty of the scene had now entirely vanished, and I saw nothing but the bruised flower and the dying insect. A number of confused ideas now danced before my eyes, and my ears were filled with a variety of discordant sounds. At length, a small shrill voice distinctly articulated the following words:—

'"He who now speaks to you,"—said the invisible being—"is the deity of the fairies; and as your curiosity has been excited with respect to the little fairy you

have just now seen, it shall be satisfied. Her name is Rivuletta, and she belongs to the most delicate species of fairy that exists, to whom the care is given of the vegetable creation. 'Tis they who, every revolving season, enliven and beautify the scenes of nature with such a variety of tinctures; and, as they are continually employed in giving pleasure, they are peculiarly happy. What occupations can be more delightful than theirs?

'"Yet think not, from this partial view, that they are exempted from the universal lot of every being; they have their miseries in common with others. Are there not frosts to nip? Are there not heats to parch? Are there not rains to drown, and blights to blast the fairest of their produce? Nay, have they not more to fear than all these? Has not their sad experience taught them that many a flower wastes its sweetness and dies neglected by mankind?"

'"And consider what those must feel who are doomed to toil upon such neglected beauties. Have they not likewise learned what to expect from Man, who robs them of their choicest sweets ere they are arrived at full perfection?

'"To all these various evils the little fairies are continually subject, and fortunate indeed is she who escapes them all. And now look yonder," said the invisible being; "observe that tulip and that insect, which formerly constituted the whole happiness of the unfortunate Rivuletta: she is now, by the folly of a child, deprived for ever of it, and rendered miserable for the rest of her life. How often have I viewed her, proudly mounted on her gilded butterfly, ascend to the higher region of the sylphs, with them

"To sport and flutter in the fields of air,"

and then descend with equal joy upon her favourite flower, whose loss, by one

of the laws of her society, dooms her to perpetual slavery."

'Methought, that the deity was just going to explain the reason of this, when my attention was unexpectedly diverted by the appearance of the fairy, who was slowly riding on a sable moth. Her robes, which but a little while before had looked so gay, were now coloured of the darkest green; her countenance was pale and wan, and I discovered, that she really had become a slave since I had seen her; for, as she drew nearer to the remains of her butterfly, and stretched out her hand to reach them, I heard the sound of a heavy chain upon her little feeble arm.

'I here gave a deep sigh, and with the violence of my emotion I awoke, and hearing the buzzing of the bees, I suddenly recollected myself. I arose from my seat to pursue my walk homewards, painting upon every but-

terfly that I saw the image of Rivuletta.

'As I was thus recalling to my memory the delightful vision, which I had just beheld, I found, that what at first so strongly caught my senses now began to touch my heart, and that even in the wildest flights of the imagination, reason can trace a moral. The familiar shape and humble species of the insect had made me look with indifference on its sufferings, though it expired in agony at my feet; whilst the fair form, graceful motion, and elegant attire of the fairy, had given importance to her imaginary distress, and had wrung my heart with the tenderest compassion.'

After Laura had finished reading, Rosamond exclaimed, "Is that all? I wish there was some more of it."

"Why, Rosamond," said her mother, smiling, "you forget that the

grass is wet, and that it has not done raining."

"Yes, mamma; and I was quite wrong when I said there would be no more pleasure to-day. There are different sorts of pleasure, mamma. I was happy when Laura was reading to me; and I was happy when I was running on the grass a little while ago; and when I can't have one thing that I like, I may still find out something else that will entertain me—Thank you, Laura, for reading 'Rivuletta.' I remember the pretty fairy's name. Mamma, is it true, that somebody really dreamt this nice dream; and who was it, mamma? Do you know the person?"

"It is not true, my dear; it was invented and written by a very young person."

"The same boy who wrote 'The Injured Ass,'

"No, my dear; but a sister of his."

"How old was she, when she wrote it, mamma?"

"She was just thirteen."

"Was she good, mamma? Was she like Laura? or was she vain or proud?"

"She was good: she was neither vain nor proud, though she was uncommonly beautiful, and superior in understanding to any person of her age, that I ever was acquainted with."

"*Was*, mamma!" said Laura.

"*Was*, my dear: she is no more—Her parents lost her when she was but fifteen!"

THE THORN.

"HERE is the rose-bud, mamma, that we put into water yesterday," said Rosamond; "look how prettily it has blown; and smell it; it has some smell to-day; I'm glad I did not pull it open. The *to-morrow*, that I wished for, is come—'*To-day is the to-morrow of yesterday.*'* May I go and gather a bit of sweet-briar, mamma, for you to wear with this rose?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and then follow us along the west shrubbery walk. We are going to look at the hyacinths."

"Hyacinths?—Then I'll make a great deal of haste," said she.

Impatient to follow her mother along the west shrubbery walk, and to see the hyacinths, Rosamond unluckily forgot that sweet-briar has thorns. She

* The words used by a child five years old.

plunged her hand into the first sweet-briar bush she came to, but hastily withdrew it, exclaiming, "How sweet-briar pricks one!" She next selected, with rather more care, a slender sprig on the outside of the shrub; but though she pulled, and pulled, she could not break off this twig, and she shook the whole bush with her efforts; a straggling overgrown branch, armed with thorns, bent down, as Rosamond shook his neighbours, and caught fast hold of the riband of her straw hat; she struggled, but it was in vain to struggle; so at last she quietly untied her hat, drew her head out of danger, and then disengaged her riband; and, at length, with scratched hands, and a thorn in her finger, she followed her mother to the hyacinths.

"Here, mamma, is the sweet-briar," said she; "but I don't like sweet-briar; for I have run a thorn into my finger by

gathering it; it is full of thorns; I don't like sweet-briar."

"You do not like thorns, I fancy you mean," said her mother; "come here, and I will take the thorn out for you. Where is this terrible thorn?"

"You can't see it, mamma, because it is gone a great way into my finger below the skin—Oh!—that hurts me very much," cried Rosamond, shrinking back as her mother touched the finger.

"I am trying, my dear," said her mother, "to find out whereabouts the thorn is."

"It is there just under your finger, mamma," said Rosamond.

"Then if you can lend me a needle, Rosamond, I will take it out in a moment."

"Here's a needle," said Rosamond, producing with an air of satisfaction her red morocco housewife; "here's a small

needle, mamma; but you will not hurt me, will you?"

"As little as I possibly can, my dear," said her mother; "but I must hurt you a little."

"Then, mamma," said Rosamond, putting her hand behind her, "if you please, I had rather not have the thorn taken out at all."

"O Rosamond! what a coward you are," exclaimed her brother, who was standing by; and he began to laugh in rather an insulting manner; but he stopped himself when his mother said, "Had not we better reason with Rosamond than laugh at her?"

"Yes, mamma, let us reason," said Rosamond: but she still kept her hand behind her.

"Would you rather bear a great deal of pain or a little?" said her mother.

"A little, mamma," said Rosamond; "and that is the reason that I say I

would rather bear to have the thorn as it is, in my finger, than bear the great pain of having it pulled out."

"But how do you know that it would give you a great deal of pain to have the thorn pulled out?"

"I don't *know*, mamma, *but* I fancy —I believe it would," said Rosamond, fixing her eyes upon the point of the needle, which her mother held in her hand.

"Do you remember ever to have had a thorn taken out of your finger?"

"No, mamma; and that is the very reason I am afraid of it; so I had rather bear the pain of the thorn, that I do know, than the pain of having it taken out, which I do not know."

"But though you may have never felt, or never remember to have felt, what it is to have a thorn taken out of your finger, you have friends probably, who could assist you by their expe-

rience—here is Laura, for instance; as she always speaks the truth, you can believe what she says, cannot you?"

"O yes, certainly."

"I took a thorn out of her hand, yesterday."

"Did it hurt you much, Laura?" said Rosamond.

"Very little," said Laura; "the pain was not more than the prick of a pin."

"I could bear the prick of a pin," said Rosamond, holding out her hand: "but I think, mamma, the thorn is gone; I scarcely feel it now."

"If it is gone, my dear, I am glad of it," said her mother; "there is no occasion that you should bear even the prick of a pin for nothing. I only advise you to choose the least of two evils—But why does your little finger stick out from all the rest of your fingers?" continued her mother, observing that, as Rosamond rolled up her housewife, this

little finger never bent along with its companions

"Don't you know, mamma," said Rosamond, "this is the finger that has the thorn in it?"

"O then the thorn is in it still!" said her mother; "I thought it was out just now—am I to believe, that it is both in and out at the same time?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "but till I tried to bend my finger, I did not feel the thorn; it does not hurt me in the least whilst I hold it still, and whilst I hold it out quite straight, so.

"And is it your intention to hold your finger out quite straight, and quite still, Rosamond, all the remainder of your life?"

"O no, mamma, that would tire me very much indeed; I should be tired before I had held it so one day, or one hour, I'm sure; for I begin to be rather tired already."

"As long as you prefer this inconvenience to bearing the prick of a needle it cannot be very troublesome. Here is your needle, my dear; put it into your housewife, and now let us go to the hyacinths."

"Must I put my hand in my pocket again? I must use my other hand," said Rosamond, stretching across her left hand to her right pocket, in a strange awkward manner.

"And that is the way, my dear, you intend to get things out of your pocket in future?" said her mother.

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "nor shall I have any pleasure in looking at the hyacinths till this thorn is out—I think my finger is swelling, mamma, and it certainly is red all round the joint—Look, mamma."

"I do not in the least doubt it, my dear," said her mother, calmly.

"But can you tell me what the end of it will be?"

"The end of what, my dear?"

"The end of my leaving the thorn in my finger."

"The consequences of it, I suppose you mean. The probable consequences are, my dear, that the finger will fester or *gather*—you may remember——"

"O, I do remember, indeed," interrupted Rosamond, "last winter my foot *gathered*. I know what you mean by that—I recollect the pain that I felt then: it was much more than the pricks of a hundred pins. Mamma, will you be so good as to take the thorn out for me? Here is the needle."

Her mother took the thorn out for Rosamond; the pain was soon over; and when her mother showed her the thorn sticking upon the point of the needle, she rejoiced, and, bending her finger, exclaimed, "Now I can use my finger again! Thank you, mamma!—You see at last I did choose the least of the two evils.

"You have done prudently, and I'm glad of it," said her mother; "and now let us go and look at the hyacinths. I dare say, Rosamond, this thorn will make you remember to be more careful the next time you go to gather sweet-briar."

"Yes, that it will, mamma, I dare say; pain makes one remember things very well—And pleasure too, mamma, makes one remember things longer still, I think; for since you gave me this nice little housewife," said Rosamond, who had taken out her housewife to put by her needle, "I have never forgotten to put my needle into its place."

THE HYACINTHS.

"O MAMMA! how beautiful they are!" cried Rosamond, running up to the hyacinth bed; "Pink, and blue, and lilac. I don't know which I like best, they are all so pretty; and they have a delightful smell, mamma. But what can be the meaning of this?" added she, pointing with a look of mournful surprise to a ridge of earth on which lay several faded hyacinths, that had been newly pulled up; they were lying with their flowers downwards, and the gardener was just going to cover them up with earth. "And must they be buried alive? What a pity! May not we save the life of this beautiful pink one, mamma? The others, to be sure, are a little withered; but this," said she, lifting up the head of a tall pink hyacinth, "look at it, mamma, now it stands upright. The new earth has soiled it

a little; but we'll shake off the earth." Rosamond gave the hyacinth a gentle shake; not such a shake as she gave the sweet-briar bush; but the earth still clung to the flower. Rosamond shook the stem a little more, and several of the pink flowers fell to the ground, so that only the bare green stalk now remained upright. "Well, that may be buried," said Rosamond; but she raised another of its companions from the earth—"A blue hyacinth; quite fresh, mamma."

"Look at the other side of it, my dear," said her mother.

"It is a little withered on the other side, to be sure, mamma," said Rosamond; "but it will look very well in a flower-pot with others—Why must they be buried?"

"The gardener, who has had more experience than you or I upon this subject, says, that he buries them in this manner to strengthen their roots."

"Their roots!" said Rosamond; "but what signify those ugly roots, in comparison with these beautiful flowers?"

"These beautiful flowers, you know, come from those ugly roots."

"But why need they be strengthened any more, mamma? We have the flowers already."

"Next year we shall have fresh flowers if we take care of these roots; but if we were to throw them away, we should see no blooming hyacinths next spring."

"Next spring! It will be a great while, mamma, before next spring."

"Yesterday, my dear," said her mother, "you thought that to-day would never come; but you see my rose-bud is blown," said her mother, taking the early rose-bud out of her nosegay.

"Ah! very true, mamma," said Rosamond; "but a year is quite another thing."

"To look forward a whole year," said her mother, "is certainly rather too much to expect from a little girl, who has only just learned to look forward a whole day; but, however, it is possible, that Rosamond may in time learn to think of next year as well as of to-morrow. Now, Rosamond, take your choice. You may have either those six hyacinth flowers, that lie upon that ridge, or you may have their six roots, which-ever you please."

As she finished speaking, she gathered the hyacinths; and the gardener, by her desire, picked up the roots, and placed them in a heap, before Rosamond——Rosamond looked alternately at the flowers and the roots.

"The flowers, to be sure, are withered: and next year there will be fine fresh flowers, that will last a fortnight, or perhaps a month, and these will be quite gone in a few hours," said Rosamond.

Yet the idea of the present pleasure of putting the hyacinth into her flower-pot was full in Rosamond's mind; and she looked in her mother's eyes anxiously.

"Don't consult my eyes, Rosamond," said her mother, smiling: "you shall see nothing in my eyes;" and her mother turned away her head. "Use your own understanding, because you will not always have my eyes to see with."

"Look at me again, mamma: and I will use my own understanding.—Do you mean, that, if I choose the roots, you will give me leave to keep them in your ground? You know, if I have no ground to plant them in, they would be of no use to me: and I then had better choose the flowers."

"Very true, Rosamond," said her mother; "I am glad that you are so considerate—I *do* mean to give you some ground to plant the roots in, if you choose the roots."

"Then, mamma, I do choose the

roots—Are you pleased with my choice, mamma?"

"My dear," said her mother, "I hope *you* will be pleased with it; for it is your affair, and not mine."

"But don't you think I have made a wise choice, mamma? A little while ago, when I chose to have the thorn pulled out rather than to have it in my finger, you said that I had done very prudently to choose the least of two evils, and that you were glad of it—And now, mamma, I have chosen the greatest of two pleasures, and that is prudent too; and are not you glad of it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, mamma. And when shall I plant the hyacinths? To-morrow,

"No, my dear, not till next spring: leave them here, and the gardener shall take care of them for you till it is the proper time to plant them next year."

THE RABBIT.

MANY agreeable things engaged Rosamond's attention during the year that elapsed whilst the hyacinth roots lay buried in sand. Her mother gave her a little bit of ground for a garden; and, as it was in vain to think of having hyacinths before the proper season, Rosamond begged that her mother would be so good as to give her some seeds, which she might in the mean time sow in her garden.

"What sort of seeds do you want, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"Any sort, mamma; all sorts, if you please."

"Have you room to sow all sorts of seeds, Rosamond, do you think, in your little garden? for instance, turnip, carrot, cabbage, and cauliflower seeds, and peas, and beans, and——"

"O no, mamma; all those would

take up a great deal too much room—I can't have all sorts of seeds, to be sure; therefore, if you please, I will have only flower seeds."

"All sorts of flower seeds?"

"No, no, mamma: you know I have not room for all; but I should like to have those which will come up the quickest, and which will be the prettiest."

"Perhaps you cannot have both those at once; for instance, pinks and carnations you think pretty."

"O yes, mamma! I must have pinks and carnations in my garden—(I mean if you please), for they are beautiful."

"But I cannot please to make them grow as fast as you perhaps expect, Rosamond."

"If I sow pinks and carnations this very day, mamma, how soon shall I have a nosegay of them?"

"Probably next year."

Rosamond sighed; and said, that, if carnations were so long in growing, she would rather have sweet peas, or any thing else; and she asked her mother, what would come up soonest of any thing she could plant.

Her mother told her, that she believed mustard-seed cresses would be the most likely to answer her purpose, if she was determined upon having what would grow with the greatest expedition.

Mustard-seed, compared with pinks carnations, sweet peas, or sweet-williams, did not quite suit Rosamond's fancy. She now also called to mind the dishes of peas and beans of her brother Orlando's raising, of which she had eaten last year; and she wavered long between the useful and the beautiful, between the slow and the quick growing vegetables.

"When you have decided, my dear," said her mother, "ask your sister Laura to write down the names of the seeds,

that you wish to have: but do not talk to me any more about the matter, because I am going to read. I have listened to your changes of opinion now for nearly a quarter of an hour."

"I have decided entirely now, mamma," said Rosamond; "only I am sorry I can't have every thing I wish."

"That you cannot, indeed, my dear, nor any body else, I assure you; therefore begin by deciding what you wish for most; then let us see, if it be possible to get it; if it can be had, so much the better; if it cannot, then you must consider what you like next best, and so on. Take a whole day to consider about it, I advise you: for, as soon as you have given me your list of seeds, I shall not listen to any changes of opinion afterwards."

Rosamond's list was written and rewritten, by Laura, many times during the course of this day; sometimes Ro-

samond attended prudently to the sober counsel of her elder brother, the experienced gardener, Orlando; at other times she more eagerly listened to the brilliant ideas of her younger brother Godfrey. He talked of cucumbers, and melons, and grapes, and peaches, and nectarines; whilst Orlando represented, that hot-beds and hot-houses would be necessary for these; that Rosamond would not know how to manage them; and that it would be safer to begin with things that would require less care and skill. He showed Rosamond a little journal of all that he had done in his garden the last year, and an account of all that it had produced. She had now the means of judging what she could do herself; and she made out her list of seeds from Orlando's journal.

"This is a very reasonable, sensible list," said her mother; "I am surprised that you, Rosamond, who have had no

experience in gardening, could judge so well as you have done."

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "I judged by Orlando's journal. Here it is; it tells me all that he did, mamma; it is an exact *history*, he says, of his garden; and from this I can learn, mamma, what I should do, and what I should not do, in my garden; and it will save me a great deal of trouble, and save me from making mistakes. So, though I have had no experience, as you say, myself, I can learn by Orlando's experience,

Rosamond made such good use of her brother's history, that her little garden was soon brought into good order; and she did not expect that her seeds and her flowers should grow faster than any other person's. She made, to be sure, some few mistakes, and suffered some few disappointments; for there are things, which are to be learned only by

our own experience: the advantage of perseverance, perhaps, is one of them.

Rosamond was apt to vary her plans too often to bring things to perfection. Sometimes her walks were all to be straight, sometimes serpentine. She "changed round to square, and square again to round." Every new visitor found some new fault, or suggested some new improvement; and Rosamond wearied herself with perpetual endeavours to please every body, till at length, convinced that this was impossible, since people had such different tastes, she resolved to abide by what should be decided to be best by the best judges; and one evening, when her mother came to look at her garden, she appealed to her. "I am determined, mamma, to make my garden exactly what you think the prettiest—Do you like my mount, mamma? Godfrey does not like my mount, though I have worked a whole week at

it, mamma; and I should have had a salad, by this time, in that very place, if I had not dug up the seeds in making the mount—But, dear mamma, come now and look at my labyrinth—Godfrey told me about the labyrinth of Crete, mamma; and this is to be the labyrinth of Crete; he showed me how to make it. It is but just begun, mamma—I'm afraid you can't understand it; it is to go zig-zag —zig-zag, through this border."

"But what are these little green things?—Here seems to be something coming up here."

"Only minionette, mamma. But, if you don't think you shall like our labyrinth, mamma, I won't finish it—Indeed I believe it will be too narrow to walk in; and I had better not spoil the minionette; I can give you nice nosegays of minionette—But, mamma, here's another thing—We are thinking of digging a pond here."

"What! in the midst of your fine bed of turnips? And where will you get water to fill your pond?"

"When it rains, mamma; and then you know it will be very useful to have a pond full of water, with which we can water the turnips, and every thing."

"But the turnips must be pulled up to make room for the pond."

"True, mamma," said Rosamond; "but still I shall have minionette, since I mean to give up the labyrinth; and minionette must be watered in hot weather."

"And do you think that your pond will be full of water in hot weather? Do you think the rain will never dry up in your pond?"

"Ah! that is what we are sadly afraid of, mamma: but then, in *rainy* weather, the pond will be quite full and very useful."

"Very useful! what, to water your

minionette when it is raining? Will not the rain do as well as the rain-water out of your pond?"

Rosamond confessed that she had not made this reflection; and she gave up the scheme of the pond.

"And now, mamma," said she, "*lay out* my garden for me, as Godfrey says, exactly to your own taste; and I will alter it all to-morrow to please you."

"I advise you, Rosamond, not to alter it," said her mother: "wait till all the things you have planted come to perfection, and don't give up what is useful for what is useless. As to the rest, please your own taste."

"But the thing is, mamma, that, if I don't alter and alter continually, I have nothing to do, and I am tired of my garden, if it looks ever so nice."

"You are in the right, my dear little Rosamond, to try to find out the cause of your own actions. So, then, you

change your plans continually for want of something to do—Look at all those weeds in that shrubbery," said she; "those are easily pulled up, especially the groundsel."

"Yes, mamma."

"Well; employ yourself in weeding that shrubbery for me—Here is a basket—Bring your little hoe."

"I can pull the groundsel up with my hand, mamma," said Rosamond, and she set to work with great alacrity.

"Rosamond!" said her mother, "when you have weeded, quite clean, this piece of the shrubbery, from this variegated holly to that larch, I will give you three of those little laburnums, that you wished to have a few days ago."

"Oh! thank you, mamma," said Rosamond; "but I'm afraid I shall be a great while doing this; for I see a great many weeds."

She worked hard that day, and filled her basket quite up to the top with groundsel; and she calculated, that, if she filled this basket full of weeds every day, she should have cleared from the variegated holly to the larch in the week.

For some rainy days, and some accidents, she had not allowed; but, at the end of a fortnight the work was completed; and her mother gave her the three little laburnums. Rosamond transplanted them immediately into her garden. She was surprised and rejoiced to find, that her minionette and her turnips, during this fortnight of tranquillity, had come forward finely.—A few weeds had made their appearance, but those she soon pulled up; and, resolving to make no useless alterations in her garden, she returned to her mother and asked her for fresh employment.

"Go on weeding the shrubbery, from the larch to the large laurel," said her

mother; "that will be a month's work: and, if you do it well, I will give you the little laurel that grows near your garden."

Rosamond, in due time, earned the laurel; and she had now acquired the habit of regularly employing herself, so that she liked the work, even without thinking of her promised rewards—She earned several pretty shrubs; amongst others, a fine damask rose-tree, by her summer and autumn's work; *earned*, perhaps, we shall not say, for the rewards her mother gave to her were certainly above the value of her work, but her mother said, she thought that a few shrubs were well bestowed in teaching her little daughter industry and perseverance.

"The same industry and perseverance, Rosamond," said she, "that you show in weeding this shrubbery, may be turned to a great many other useful things."

"Yes, mamma—I hope, when winter evenings come," said Rosamond, "you will be so very good as to teach me to write—I wish I could write the history of my garden as nicely as Orlando wrote his journal."

The history of Rosamond's garden was this year much to her credit—She had

4 dishes of radishes,
6 dishes of tonge-grass,
1 dish of turnips.

Peas failed for want of room. She had several nosegays of pansies, sweet peas, and minionette. The three laburnums, which she transplanted in the spring, and which she had the courageous patience to leave in peace all the summer, flourished beyond her most sanguine expectations; and Orlando gave it as his opinion, that they would bear fine yellow flowers the ensuing spring. But alas! early one hot morning in August, when

Rosamond went with her little green watering-pot, to water her favourite laburnums, she found the two finest of them broken, and the other was stripped of its leaves—She ran to her brother Orlando, and asked him to come to her garden. He came—he saw the poor laburnums—but he could do them no good.

"Who can have done all this mischief?" cried Rosamond; "and why should any one do me mischief? I never do mischief to any body or to any thing! Who can have done all this?"

"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief," said Orlando, after he had closely examined the little laburnums—"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief—A rabbit—Look! here are the marks of his nibbling teeth. Look at these bitten leaves."

"Mischievous rabbit! good for nothing animal!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"However, for your comfort," con-

tinued Orlando, "here's one of your laburnums, that may do very well yet."

"Oh, but the rabbit will come again!" said Rosamond. "What can I do? how shall I keep him away? he'll eat every thing I have in the world," added Rosamond, in whose imagination this rabbit now appeared an unconquerable wild beast.

"He will not eat every thing you have in the world," said Orlando, soberly: "but, to be sure, there is some danger of his eating your laburnums; because, unluckily, rabbits happen to be fond of laburnums; and he does not know that there is any harm in eating them."

"I wish he would only be so good as not to eat mine," said Rosamond.

"Nor mine," cried Orlando; "you would not have him eat mine! He'll come to me next, I'm afraid, as soon as he has done with you."

"Done with me! so, then, you think he'll go on eating!"

"To be sure, he will eat as long as he is alive, I suppose," said Orlando, with calm gravity; "and we have no right to kill him for eating, even your laburnums—Hey?"

"Kill him!" repeated Rosamond, shrinking back: "no, I would not kill or hurt *any* animal; you know, that would be cruel—Poor rabbit! I don't want to hurt him though he has eaten my laburnums—He did not know, as you say, that he was doing any harm—I only want to hinder him, if I can, from doing me more mischief; but I'm sure I don't know how; for I can't build a wall, and I've nothing of which I can make a hedge—I don't want to hurt the rabbit, but to hinder him from hurting me—Poor fellow!"

Orlando was much pleased by the humanity with which Rosamond spoke

of her enemy, the rabbit; and he knew by experience, how provoking it is to see the fruits of one's own labours destroyed—"I'll see about it for you, Rosamond," said he, after musing for some time. "I don't say I can do it; but we'll see what can be done—I think I can save your last laburnum."

The next morning all the family were at breakfast before Orlando appeared. This was an unusual circumstance, for he was generally as punctual as the clock; "I know where he is, said Godfrey; "he has just run down to Rosamond's garden to look at something."

"I am sure that's very good of him —I know that you mean my poor laburnum," cried Rosamond; "but, mamma, had not I better go and tell him it is time to have his breakfast?"

Rosamond had just slid down from her chair, when Godfrey stopped her with an eager hand—"The *something*

is not a laburnum, Rosamond, and you are not to know any thing about it —I am sorry I happened to say *something*; for I was desired to say nothing."

At this instant Orlando made his appearance, with a wooden box in his hand, of about two feet long, sixteen inches broad, and nine inches high.

"What is that?" cried Rosamond.

Orlando placed the box on the table before her—"It is nothing," said she, "but an old box, as far as I can see." But Rosamond had not looked far; she had only looked at the sides next her. At length, observing that every body smiled, she went round to the place where Godfrey, who seemed to see further than she did, was standing.

"Ha!" cried she, "here's a glass on this side of the box!" There was a small hole cut in this side of it about the size of a card; and this hole was

covered with glass. "I see something white behind the glass," said she.

"No, it's brown, not white," cried Godfrey.

"It was white just now," replied Rosamond: "it has changed—it moves! —It must be something alive."

Rosamond put her face closer to the spy-hole; and, looking in, she saw a brown and white rabbit crouching down, in the furthest corner of the box. "Dear Orlando! the rabbit! how did you get him! Is he hurt?" cried Rosamond.

"He is not in the least hurt," said Orlando; and he showed Rosamond how he had caught the rabbit.*

"I'm glad we have caught him, and that he's not hurt," said Rosamond.

"But now what shall we do with him?" said Orlando.

"Pretty little animal! what nice white

* A description of this trap may be seen in Emerson's Mechanics, Plate 23, Fig. 262.

ears and feet he has!" said Rosamond, still looking at him through the glass; "but he keeps himself squeezed up, and moves his quick eyes and his long ears continually—I wish he would come out of that corner."

"He dare not; he dare not move," said Orlando; "he's frightened almost out of his wits."

"That's a pity," said Rosamond; "for if he was not so foolish as to be frightened, he might be very happy in this box—It is quite a room to him."

"But he is not used to live in a room," said Orlando; "and may be that's one reason he does not like it."

"Well, he'll grow used to it, and then he'll like it," said Rosamond.

"Grow used to it!" said Orlando; "why, do you mean to keep him a prisoner in this box all his life?"

"Not a prisoner," said Rosamond; "but I should like to keep him in this

box; I'd call it his house, and I would feed him—not with my laburnums, but with anything else that he likes; and I would make him the happiest little rabbit in the world, if mamma likes it."

"You had better consider how the rabbit would like it first," said her mother.

"But I mean to do every thing for his good," said Rosamond.

"I have heard my father say—have not I, father?" said Orlando, "that it is contrary to the laws of England to do any body good against his will."

"But this rabbit is not any body," interrupted Godfrey.

"It may not be against the laws of England, then," resumed the grave Orlando, "to keep him in this box; but I think it would be cruel."

"Cruel!" cried Rosamond; "I would not be cruel. I tell you, I mean to make him as happy as the day is long"

"But he'll never be happy—you can't make him happy, Rosamond, in this box," said Orlando; "you don't consider, that rabbits like to run about; and he can feed himself better than you can feed him."

"Aye, with my laburnums," said Rosamond, changing her tone; "am I to let him loose again to eat my poor laburnums—laburnum—for I have only one left!"

At the recollection of the mischief he had done, Rosamond, notwithstanding the rabbit's pretty white ears and feet, looked at him with dislike; and Orlando seemed at a loss what to advise—He leaned his elbows upon the top of the box and began to meditate.

After some minutes' silence, he exclaimed, "I never clearly understood what was right to be done about animals; what is cruelty to animals; for if animals hurt us, or hurt our property——"

"Yes, our laburnums, for instance,' interrupted Rosamond.

"We must defend them, and we must defend ourselves," continued Godfrey.

"And," resumed Orlando, "how comes it, that we think so compassionately about this one rabbit, under my elbows" (knocking his elbows upon the box, which made the rabbit within start) —"yet we eat rabbits very often at dinner, without thinking at all about the matter?"

"That's very extraordinary," said Rosamond; "but then the rabbits, that we eat at dinner, are dead and cannot feel; so we are not cruel in eating them."

"But," said Godfrey, "they are killed on purpose for us to eat."

"Then the people who killed them are cruel."

"But those people would not kill them, if we did not want to eat them."

"I don't want to eat rabbits," said Rosamond; "so I hope nobody will ever kill any for me."

"But you want to eat beef and mutton," said Orlando: "and then sheep and oxen are killed instead of rabbits."

"The best way, then," said Rosamond, "would be to leave off eating meat."

"Yes," said Godfrey, "let us begin to-day."

"Stay," said Orlando—"Consider—How should we manage, if all sorts of animals became so numerous, that there would not be food for them and for us? there would never be wild vegetables enough; and the animals would grow bold with hunger, and eat the vegetables in our gardens."

"Aye," said Rosamond; "and would not it be very unjust indeed, that we should work for them all day?"

"And, perhaps at last," continued

Orlando, "if we did not eat animals, they might eat us."

"I think we had better go on eating meat," said Rosamond; "but I am glad I am not a butcher."

"Sheep and oxen do not eat men; but if they increased so much as to eat all the vegetables, they would in the end destroy men as effectually by starving them as if they ate them," said her father.

"I don't think we have gone to the bottom of the business yet," said Orlando.

"Nor I," said Godfrey; "I'll think more of it, and write an essay upon cruelty to animals."

"And, in the mean time, what shall we do with the rabbit?" said Orlando; "we have got a great way from him."

"Poor fellow!" said Rosamond, looking into his prison; "you little think we are talking about you. Orlando, I

wish we could carry him to some place at a great distance from our gardens, where he might live happily, and eat what he liked, without doing us any mischief. Papa, could this be done?"

"My dear," said her father, "there is a place about six miles from hence, called a rabbit-warren, where great numbers of rabbits live."

"O father! could you be so good," said Rosamond, "as to have him carried there and set at liberty?"

"My dear little girl," said her father, "I am glad to see that you are so humane to this animal who has done you mischief; it is very reasonable that we should endeavour to prevent him from doing you any farther injury; and I think what you propose is sensible. I know Farmer Early, who lives near us, goes to-morrow morning, with his covered cart, to market; he passes by the rabbit-warren; and perhaps he will

take charge of Orlando's box, and carry your rabbit and set him at liberty in the warren. We will walk to Mr. Early's house, Rosamond, and ask him to do so, if you please."

This proposal was received with joy by the whole assembly; and, as soon as Orlando had eaten something, they proceeded to the farmer's.

Mr. Early was out in the fields, with his labourers, when they arrived at his house: but they were shown into a neat little room, where a woman, who looked pale and ill, was sitting at her work; a little girl was standing beside her, holding her pin-cushion and scissors—The woman folded up her work, and was going out of the room; but Rosamond's mother begged that she would stay, and that she would not disturb herself. Orlando put his box upon the table. The rabbit had been very restless during the journey; he had nibbled incessantly at

his prison walls; and his operations engrossed the attention of Rosamond and her brothers till Farmer Early's arrival. It had been agreed that Godfrey should, upon this occasion, be the speaker; and as soon as Farmer Early came into the room, he began his speech—

"Sir, you are very hot—I am afraid you have hurried yourself—We are very sorry to have given you the trouble of walking home so fast, especially as you had men at work; but, sir, in this box there is a rabbit."

The farmer stooped down, to look into the box, and exclaimed—"Why! Anne! if this is not your tame rabbit, that I brought home for you from Mr. Burrows, of the warren, as a present, on Monday last."

At these words all eyes turned upon the little girl, who was holding the pincushion beside the pale work-woman.

Anne (for that was this little girl's name) now came forward modestly, and, with some emotion, said, as she looked into the box, "Yes, indeed! this is my poor little rabbit—I could not find him since yesterday morning—I wondered what was become of him."

"And how he found his way into this box is altogether wonderful to me," said Farmer Early; "unless, *so be*, that *this here* box be in the *nature* of a trap; which, I take it, is what it can't well be neither, as I never see no traps like it; and how, seeing it is not a trap, your rabbit, Anne, could be 'ticed into it, any how, is a thing I verily can't take upon me to understand."

"Sir," said Orlando, "it is a trap."

"Indeed, sir; then it is a most *curious* new-fashioned one; for I've seen a many rabbit and rat traps, and all sorts, but never one like this."

Godfrey then explained to the farmer,

that this curious trap was of Orlando's making; and he gave an account of the damage that had been done to Rosamond's laburnums; but he thought, that it would not be right to ask the farmer to take the rabbit to the warren, and let it loose, because he had just heard, that it belonged to the little girl: therefore he stopped short in his speech, and looked at Rosamond first, and then at his father. "Anne," said Farmer Early, "this is a sad thing, that your rabbit eats and spoils the young lady's laburnums."

"I wish we could keep him at home; but that there is no doing," said Anne, sorrowfully; and after a pause, with a great deal of good-nature in her countenance, she added, "but, since he does mischief, we had better carry him to the warren again, and give him back to Mr Burrows."

"The very thing," exclaimed Godfrey,

that we thought of; but we did not ask it, because we were afraid you would not like to part with the rabbit."

"Anne is very fond of him, that's certain," said Mr. Early; "therefore, the more I look upon it to be well thought of in her to carry him back to the warren: for you must know a live rabbit is, as one may say, quite a sight to her; for she's a Londoner; and every thing in the country, that we think nothing of, seeing it as we do every day, is quite strange to her, and a treat like—Wherefore, though I don't mean to praise her, by reason she's in a manner related to me, and one should not praise one's own if one can help it any ways, yet I may make bold to say, I like Anne the better, and think the more of her, for being so ready to part with her rabbit, at the first word, when it does mischief, you see."

Rosamond, and all who were present,

seemed perfectly to agree in opinion with the farmer; and Rosamond thanked the little girl several times "for her being so good-natured."

Farmer Early promised to carry the box and rabbit, in his covered cart, to the warren the next morning; and thus the affair was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as they were walking home, "did you observe how attentive that little girl was to the pale woman who was at work? She picked up her thread-paper, she threaded her needle, she gave her pins as fast as she wanted them, and watched her eye whenever it turned to look for any thing—just as I should do, mamma, if you were ill, and at work, and I was standing by. Mamma, I think that little girl was very fond of that woman, who, I suppose, was her mother. Mamma, I saw you speaking to the

woman, whilst we were going on talking about the rabbit—Did you know who she is, and any thing more about her?"

"She is a mantua-maker, my dear; and she told me that she had been forced to work so hard to maintain herself and her little girl, that she had hurt her health very much: she was obliged to sit in a close room, in a narrow street in London, all day, and often worked whole nights as well as days—She was invited by this Farmer Early, who is her cousin, to pass some time with his family in the country, in hopes that the fresh country air and exercise might restore her health."

"That was very good-natured of the farmer; but she was at work still, mamma; I am sorry for that."

"She was making a gown for the farmer's wife; for she said that she was glad to be able to do any thing for those who were so kind to her."

"Oh, that's very right," cried Rosamond; "that is being grateful. Mamma, I wish I could be grateful to the little girl, who was so good to me about the rabbit. I have a damask rose-tree, mamma, in my garden; the roses are not blown yet; but when they are blown, mamma, I can give them to her, and my minionette—How glad I am, that I did not dig it up to make the labyrinth of Crete! I shall have a fine nosegay for her, mamma, and you know the farmer said, that every thing in the country is a treat to her; so I dare say she will like my flowers."

Rosamond's damask rose-tree was from this day forward watched with anxious eyes: as it had been transplanted rather late in the spring, it was not quite so forward as the other roses. When all the rest of the roses were gone, however, this tree was in full blow. Rosamond gathered the last roses of the year; and these, with some sweet-briar

(which she got without pricking herself), and some fine minionette, made a charming nosegay.

"I'm glad, Rosamond, to see that you do not forget your *gratitude*," said her mother; "your roses and your minionette smell very sweet; and I hope the little girl will like your nosegay."

It was a fine evening; and Rosamond had a pleasant walk with her mother to Farmer Early's; but what was Rosamond's disappointment, when the farmer told her, that Anne was gone! that she had that morning set out in a stage-coach, with her mother, to return to London.

"And so, mamma," said Rosamond, "it is all in vain! I might just as well have forgotten my gratitude."

"Have patience, Rosamond," said her mother; "remember it a little longer; perhaps next winter, when we go to town, we may have some opportunity

of obliging this little girl, or her mother —I have her direction; and if she is a good mantua-maker, as well as a good woman, I shall be able to be of some service to her."

"*You!* yes, mamma!" said Rosamond; "but what can *I* do? You know I have nothing in this world to give but flowers; and I shall have no damask roses in London—You know, mamma, our new house in London has no garden—But, dear mamma," said Rosamond, changing from a lamentable to a joyful tone—"I have thought of a charming thing; my hyacinth-roots! Will you give me leave, mamma, to take them to London, when we go? and I'll show you something, that Orlando showed me in the little Gardener's Pocket Calendar, mamma, as soon as we get home."

"Here it is, mamma,' cried Rosamond, as soon as she got home; and

showed her mother, in the Gardener's Pocket Calendar, '*An improved method of blowing bulbous-rooted flowers with less trouble and expense than in glasses.*' "May I read it to you? Pray, mamma, let me read it to you—It is not long; and I'll miss all the useless words."

"You may read it whilst we are drinking tea, Rosamond," said her mother; and at tea-time Rosamond read some very minute and distinct directions for blowing bulbous-rooted flowers. "Hyacinths, mamma, you see," said she, "are particularly mentioned; and I think that if I had such a little box as the man describes in the book, I could do exactly as he desires; and I should have hyacinths in full blow in winter, or very early in spring, when we shall be in London: and then, mamma, I should have something to give to the little girl—She gave up her rabbit, which was a great amusement

to her in the country; and I should be very glad if I could give her something that would be an amusement to her when she is in that close room, in that narrow street, which you talked of, mamma."

Rosamond observed, that the Gardener's Calendar said that these boxes for hyacinths were peculiarly fit for the use of people who love flowers, and who have only a little yard, or perhaps a window-sill, for their garden, in London.

Her mother was pleased to observe her eagerness to oblige the little girl, who had obliged her; and she told Rosamond, that if she remembered *her gratitude* and the hyacinth roots at the proper time she might carry them to London.

Winter came; the hyacinth roots were remembered in proper time—they were carried safely to town; and, in due season, they were planted carefully

by Rosamond, in a little box which her mother gave her for this purpose.

Rosamond, before the hyacinths appeared above ground, often asked her mother, whether she had heard any thing of Anne: but when the hyacinths at first, like white almonds, appeared through the black mould, Rosamond grew so fond of them, that she almost wished to keep them for herself.—At length their green leaves and stems grew higher and higher; and the clusters of pink and blue flowers seemed to Rosamond more beautiful even than those she had seen the preceding spring, in her mother's borders. She was one morning standing at the parlour window, contemplating her hyacinths with great delight, and smelling, from time to time, their delicious perfume, when Godfrey came eagerly into the room—"I've news to tell you, Rosamond," cried he; but observing how intent she

was upon her hyacinths, he hesitated—"I don't know," continued he, "on second thought, whether you will think it good news, or bad: I only know you would have thought it good news some time ago."

"Tell it to me, however," said Rosamond: "and then I'll tell you whether I think it good news or bad."

Godfrey, without speaking, went up to the window where Rosamond was standing. The sun shone bright—He first smelled her hyacinths, and then hooked his fingers, and held them up in a significant manner: but Rosamond did not comprehend what this was to signify, till he placed them closer to the white wall, upon which a shadow, the striking resemblance of a rabbit's head, was now visible.

"Anne's come then, I'm sure!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"Yes, Anne is come," said Godfrey;

"but you are not obliged, you know, to give her your hyacinths unless you choose it."

"I do choose it, I assure you, brother," said Rosamond, proudly; "I assure you I have not forgotten the rabbit, nor my gratitude—Where is Anne?"

"In the next room, with my mother."

"Help me to carry the box then, will you, dear Godfrey?" said Rosamond; and she took hold of one handle of the hyacinth-box, and he of the other.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as she carried in the box: and she whispered in her mother's ear, "Would you be so kind as to have the box carried home for *her*, because it is heavy, and she cannot well carry it through the streets herself: it is a great deal heavier than our rabbit box; and I remember I was tired with carrying *that*, part of the way, last summer, to Farmer Early's."

"I will, my dear," said her mother

"desire a servant to carry it, if Anne likes to accept of the box of hyacinths; but you have not asked her yet, have you?"

"No," said Rosamond; "because it is impossible but what she must like hyacinths."

Rosamond, rather startled, however, by her mother's doubtful look, went up to Anne; and, after thanking her for the affair of the rabbit, asked her eagerly whether she liked hyacinths.

Now poor Anne had never in her life seen a hyacinth; and she modestly answered, "I don't know;" but she looked at the box an instant afterwards and smiled, as much as to say, "If those are hyacinths, I like them very much indeed."

Rosamond immediately lifted the box nearer to her—"I am glad you like them," said she; "mamma says I may give them to you: and when the flow-

ers wither, I advise you to take care of the roots, because if you do, you will have new flowers next year. I'm sure, mamma," added Rosamond, turning to her, "I am glad I took care of the roots; and I'm glad I chose the roots instead of the flowers."

She was going on to give Anne some particular directions, which she had learned partly from The Gardener's Pocket Calendar, and partly from experience, concerning the management of hyacinths, and the blowing of bulbous roots—when she was interrupted by the entrance of a woman, whom she immediately recollected to be the pale woman, that she saw at work, formerly, at Farmer Early's. This poor woman had been resting herself in the housekeeper's room: for she had had a long walk this morning from a distant part of the town; and she was not yet strong enough to bear much fatigue.

"Well," said Rosamond's mother to

her, "have you removed yet from that close unwholesome street, where you formerly lived? You promised to let me know when you heard of any lodgings, that would suit you; but I have waited from day to day, and you have never sent to me."

"No, ma'am," answered the poor woman; "because we have not been able yet to agree with a man, who has a lodging that would suit us exactly; but he has other offers, ma'am; and I'm afraid he won't let me have it—He's a gardener, ma'am, at Hampstead, where I could get plenty of work, and should breathe good air, and be in quiet, and, may be, get well."

"The hyacinths!" exclaimed Rosamond; but she suddenly checked herself; for she recollected that she had already given them away. No one understood her exclamation, except the little girl, who immediately smiled, and, in a timid voice, asked Rosamond,

whether she could give her leave to part with the hyacinths, in case the gardener should take a fancy to them, and in case he should be willing to let her mother have the lodging.

"Oh yes: do whatever you please with them," said Rosamond; "they are yours."

"And," added her mother, "you may, at the same time that you give the hyacinths to the gardener, my good little girl, tell him, that I will answer for your mother's paying the rent punctually."

The gardener thought well of lodgers who had hyacinths, and better of those who offered him good security for his rent. He thanked Anne, but said he had abundance of hyacinths, and he gave Anne and her mother leave to walk in his garden whenever they pleased. Anne had the hyacinths for herself; and Rosamond had the pleasure of seeing Anne and her mother settled in their airy lodgings.

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ROSAMOND.—CONTINUED.

THE WAGER.

"ROSAMOND, you did not water your geraniums last night," said her mother.

"Yes, mamma—no, mamma, I mean; because I could not find the rose of the little green watering pot."

"You did not look for it, I think, my dear—it was on the shelf, directly opposite to you, as you go into the greenhouse."

"That shelf is so high above my head, that it was impossible I could see what was upon it."

"But, though the shelf was so high above your head, you could have seen what was upon it, if you had stood upon the stool, could not you?" said Godfrey.

"But the stool was not in the greenhouse."

"Could not you have gone for it?" said Godfrey.

"No, I could not," replied Rosamond; "because it was very hot; and mamma had just desired me not to run any more *then*, because I was too hot."

"Run!—But could not you have walked, Rosamond?"

"No, brother, I could not—I mean that if I had walked, it would have done no good, because one of the legs of the stool is loose, and I could not have carried it, because, you know, it would have dropped out, every instant; and, besides, it is very dangerous to stand upon a stool which has a loose leg.—Papa, himself said so, Godfrey; and he bid me, the other day, not to stand upon that stool.—Besides, after all, why should I have gone for the stool?—How could I guess that the rose of the watering pot was upon that high shelf, when I did not see the least glimpse of it?"

"Good excuses, Rosamond," said Godfrey, smiling, and plenty of them."

"No, not good excuses, brother!" cried Rosamond—"only the truth——. Why do you smile?"

Well?—Not *good* excuses, I grant you," said Godfrey.

"Not excuses at all," persisted Rosamond—"I never make excuses."

Upon hearing this, Godfrey burst into a loud and uncontrolled laugh; and Rosamond looked more ready to cry than to laugh—She turned to her mother, and, appealing to her, said—

"Now, mother, you shall be judge. Do I *ever*—I mean, do I *often*, make excuses?"

"Only seven, if I remember rightly, within the last five minutes," answered her mother.

"Then, mamma, you call *reasons* excuses?"

"Pardon me, my dear, I did not hear

you give one reason, one sufficient reason. Now, Rosamond, you shall be judge—I trust you will be an upright judge."

"Upright! that is, honest—O, certainly, mamma!"

"Could not you have watered the geraniums without the rose of the little green watering pot?"

"Why, to be sure, mamma, I could have used the red watering pot, I own."

"Ah! ah!—Now the truth has come out, at last, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey, in a triumphant tone.

His mother checked Godfrey's tone of triumph, and said, that Rosamond was now candid, and that therefore this was not the time to blame or laugh at her.

"Mother," said Godfrey, "I should not have laughed at her so much this time, if she was not always making excuses; and you know——"

Their mother was called out of the room before Godfrey could finish what he was going to say—He had said enough to provoke Rosamond, who exclaimed—

"That is very unjust, indeed, Godfrey!—But if ever I make a mistake, or once do any thing the least foolish, or wrong, you always say, that I *always* do it."

"I *always* say so!—No, that I deny," cried Godfrey, laughing—"Whatever I may think, I do not always say you are foolish."

"You shall not laugh at me, Godfrey, because I am candid—mamma said so—And I am not always making excuses."

"Well, Rosamond, because I am candid, I will acknowledge, that you are not *always* making excuses; but I will lay you any wager you please, that no day passes, for a week to come,

without your making half a hundred at least."

"Half a hundred!—O Godfrey!—I am content!——What will you lay?"

"My head to a china orange," said Godfrey.

"I would not give a china orange for your head," said Rosamond: "besides, that is a vulgar expression. But I will lay you all my kings, Godfrey, against your world, that far from making half a hundred, I do not make one single excuse a day for a week to come."

"I take you at your word," said Godfrey, eagerly stretching out his hand—"Your kings of England against my joining map of the world. But," added he, "I advise you, Rosamond, not to lay such a rash wager; for you will be sure to lose, and your kings are worth more than my world, because I have lost some little bits of it."

"I know that; but I shall keep my kings, and win all you have left of the world, you will see."

"Win my world!" cried Godfrey—"No, no, Rosamond! listen to me—I will not take advantage of you—I will allow you ten excuses a day."

"No, thank you, brother," said Rosamond—"one a day is quite enough for me."

"You abide by your wager, then, Rosamond?"

"To be sure I do, Godfrey."

"Then we begin to-morrow; for you know to-day cannot be counted, because you made seven in five minutes."

"I know that," interrupted Rosamond—"To-day goes for nothing; we begin to-morrow, which is Monday."

Monday came; and so strict was the guard which Rosamond kept over herself, that she did not, as even Godfrey allowed, make one single excuse before

breakfast time, though she was up an hour and a half. But, in the course of the morning, when her mother found some fault with her writing, and observed that she had not crossed her *tees*, Rosamond answered—

"Mamma, it was the fault of the pen, which *scratched* so that I could not write with it."

"An excuse! an excuse!" cried Godfrey.

"Nay, try the pen yourself, Godfrey; and you will see how it scratches and sputters, too."

"But let it scratch or sputter ever so much, how could it prevent you from crossing your *tees?*"

"It could: because if I had crossed the *tees* with that pen, the whole page would have been speckled and spoiled just like this line, where I did begin to cross them."

"Could you not take another pen,

or mend this, or ask mamma to mend it?—O Rosamond, you know this is an excuse!"

"Well, it is only one," said Rosamond—"And you know that if I do not make more than one in a day, I win the day."

"There's a great blot," said Godfrey.

"Because I had no blotting paper, brother," said Rosamond.

The moment she had uttered the words she wished to recal them; for Godfrey exclaimed—

"You have lost the day, Rosamond!—there's another excuse; for it is plain you had blotting paper on your desk—Look, here it is!"

Rosamond was ashamed and vexed—"For such a little tiny excuse, to lose my day!" said she; "and when I really did not see the blotting paper. But, however, this is only Monday—I will take better care on Tuesday."

Tuesday came, and had nearly passed in an irreproachable manner; but at supper, it happened, that Rosamond threw down a jug, and, as she picked it up again, she said—

"Somebody put it so near the edge of the table, that I could not help throwing it down."

This Godfrey called an excuse; though Rosamond protested that she did not mean it for one. She farther pleaded that it would be hard, indeed, if she were to lose her day for only just making this *observation*, when it must be clear to every body, that it could not be meant for an excuse, because the jug was not broken by the fall, and it was empty, too; so not the least mischief was done to any thing or any creature; and no one had even blamed her; so that, as Rosamond said, she had not had the slightest temptation to make an excuse

This was all true, but Godfrey would not allow it.

That she had no temptation to make an excuse, Godfrey was most willing to allow; but he would not admit, that it was therefore certain she had made none. On the contrary, he maintained, that Rosamond was in the habit of vindicating herself, even when no one blamed her, and when there was no apparent cause for making any apology. To support this assertion, Godfrey recollected and recalled several instances, in which Rosamond, days, weeks, and months before this time, had done that, of which she was now accused.

"Well," said Rosamond, "it is only Tuesday; I will give it up to you, brother, rather than dispute about it any more."

"That is right, Rosamond," said her mother.

Wednesday came. Rosamond deter-

mined that, whenever she was found fault with, she would not say any thing in her own defence; she kept this resolution heroically. When her mother said to her—

"Rosamond, you have left your bonnet on the ground, in the hall—"

Godfrey listened to Rosamond's reply, in the full expectation that she would, according to her usual custom, have answered—

"Because I had not time to put it by, mamma"—or, "Because papa called me"—or, "Because somebody threw it down, after I had hung it up."

But, to his surprise, Rosamond made none of these her habitual excuses: she answered—

"Yes, mamma, I forgot to put it in its place—I will go and put it by this minute."

Godfrey attended carefully to every word Rosamond said this day; and the

more she saw that he watched her, the more cautious she became. At last, however, when Godfrey was not in the room, and when Rosamond was less on her guard, she made three excuses, one after another, about a hole in her gown, which she had neglected to mend—

"Mamma, it is not my fault; I believe it was torn at the wash."

But it was proved, by the fresh edges of the rent, that it must have been torn since it had been ironed.

Rosamond next said, she had not seen the hole, till after she had put the gown on; *and then* she could not mend it, because it *was so far behind.*

Could not she have taken the gown off again, her mother asked.

"Yes, ma'am; but I had not any thread fine enough."

"But you had cotton that was fine enough, Rosamond.——Three excuses!"

"O mamma!—Have I made three ex-

cuses?" cried Rosamond—"This day, too, when I took such pains!—"

Godfrey came back, and seeing his sister look sorrowful, he asked what was the matter. She hesitated; and seemed very unwilling to speak, at last said—

"You will be glad of what I am sorry for!"

"Ha!—Then I guess what it is—You have lost the day again, and I have won it!"

Godfrey clapped his hands in triumph, and capered about the room.

"My world is safe! safe!—I really thought Rosamond would have had it to-day, mamma!"

Rosamond could hardly repress her tears; but Godfrey was so full of his own joy, that he did not attend to her feelings.

"After all, it is only Wednesday, brother, remember *that!*" cried Rosa-

mond. "I have Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to come—I may win the day, and win the world, yet."

"Not you!" said Godfrey, scornfully —"you will go on the same to-morrow as to-day. You see you have so much the habit of making excuses, that you cannot help it, you cannot cure yourself —at least not in a week. So I am safe."

"So that is all you think of, brother; and you don't care whether I cure myself of my faults or not," said Rosamond, while the tears trickled down her cheeks. "You wish, indeed, that I should not cure myself.——Oh, brother, is this right? is this good-natured? is this like you?"

Godfrey changed countenance; and after standing still and thinking for a moment, he said—

"It is not like me—it is not good-natured—and I am not sure that it is right. But, my dear Rosamond! I do

care about you, and I do wish you should cure yourself of your faults; only this week I wish——in short, I cannot help wishing to win my wager."

"That is very natural, to be sure," said Rosamond: "but I am sorry for it; for we used to be so happy together, and now you are always glad when I am sorry, and sorry when I am glad; and when I do most wrong, you are most glad—And all for the sake of keeping your paltry world, and winning my poor kings!"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Godfrey; "it is not for the sake of the world, or the kings; for you know I would give you my world, or anything I have upon earth, Rosamond."

"Yes," said Rosamond, wiping away her tears; "I remember, you offered me your world the first day you had it; but I would not take it, and I don't want it now—I would even give up my kings to

you, if it was not for my wager—You know I cannot give up my wager."

"Nor I neither!" cried Godfrey—"The wager is what I cannot give up; I must prove that I am right."

"And that I am wrong!—Ay, there's the thing!—You want to triumph over me, brother."

"And if I do, this does you a great deal of good, because, you know, you do not like to be triumphed over—therefore, you take care not to be found in the wrong. Do not you see, that, since I laid this wager, you have taken more pains than ever you did in your life before, not to make excuses?"

"True!—It may do me good in that way, but it does not do me good altogether; because it makes me angry with you, and would make me, I do believe, dislike you, if it went on long."

"*Went on long*—I do not know what that means."

"If you went on laying wagers with me, that I should do wrong; I do not think such wagers are good things. Now I will ask mamma—Mamma has not said one word, though I am sure she has heard all we have been saying, because I saw her look up from her work several times at us both——Well, mamma, what do you think?"

"I think, my dear Rosamond, that you have reasoned better than you usually do, and that there is much truth and good sense in what you have said about this wager."

Rosamond looked happy. Godfrey, without seeming pleased, as he usually did, when he heard his sister praised, said—

"Mamma, do you really disapprove of wagers?"

"I do not say that I disapprove of all wagers," replied his mother; "that is another question, which I will not now

discuss; but I disapprove of this particular wager, nearly for the reasons which Rosamond has given."

"But, mamma, do not you think that it did her good, to try to cure herself of making excuses, and that my wager made her take great care?—And, you know, if she were to dislike me, because she was in the wrong, at last, or because she was to lose her wager, that would still be her fault—the fault of her temper."

"Let us, for the present, leave out of the question whose fault it would be; and tell me, my dear Godfrey, do you wish to make your sister dislike you?"

"O no, mamma!—you know I do not."

"Should you like a person who was glad when you were sorry, and sorry when you are glad?—Should you like a person who rejoiced when you committed any fault, who did not wish you to cure yourself of your faults?—Should you like a person who told you that you could

not cure yourself of your faults, especially when you were trying to improve yourself as much as you were able?"

"No—I should not like a person, who did all this. I understand you, mamma—I was wrong," said Godfrey. "It was my eagerness about that foolish wager, that made me ill-natured to Rosamond—I will give up the wager, though I really think I shall win it; but I will give it up if mamma advises us to give up."

"I really think I should win," said Rosamond; "but I will give it up, if mamma advises us to give it up."

"I do advise you to give up this wager, my dear children," said their mother.

"So we will, and so we do," said both Rosamond and Godfrey, running up to one another, and shaking hands.

"And I assure you, brother," said Rosamond, "I will take as much pains to cure myself of making excuses, as if

the wager was going on; and my wager shall be with myself, that I will make not a single excuse to-morrow, or the next, or the next day, and that every day I shall be better than I was the day before—And you will be glad of that, Godfrey, shall you not?"

"Yes, glad with all my heart," said Godfrey.

"And that will be a good sort of wager, will it not, mamma?—a good sort of trial with myself, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child," answered her mother. "It is better and wiser to endeavour to triumph over ourselves, than over anybody else. But now let me see that you do what you say you will do; for many people resolve to cure themselves of their faults, but few really have resolution enough to do even what they say and know to be right."

Rosamond did as she said she would do. She took every day pains to cure

herself of her bad habit of making excuses, and her brother kindly assisted her, and rejoiced with her, when, at the end of the day, she could say, with truth—

"I have not made one single excuse to-day."

Godfrey, some time afterwards, asked his mother what her objections were to laying wagers in general. She answered—

"I am afraid, that you cannot yet quite understand my reasons, but I will tell them to you, and, some time or other, you will recollect and understand them: I think, that the love of laying wagers is likely to lead to the love of gaming, if the wagers are about matters of chance; or to the love of victory, instead of the love of truth, if the wagers relate to matters of opinion."

THE

PARTY OF PLEASURE.

"A PARTY of pleasure! O mamma! let us go," said Rosamond. "We shall be so happy, I am sure."

"What! because it is a party of pleasure, my dear?" said her mother, smiling.

"Do you know, mamma," continued Rosamond, without listening to what her mother said; "Do you know, mamma, that they are to go in the boat on the river; and there are to be streamers flying, and music playing, all the time. And Mrs. Blisset, and Miss Blisset, and the Master Blissets, will be here in a few minutes. Will you go, mamma? and may Godfrey and I go with you, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

Scarcely had her mother uttered the word "yes," than Rosamond made a loud exclamation of joy; and then ran to tell her brother Godfrey, and returned, repeating as she capered about the room,

"O we shall be so happy! so happy!"

"Moderate your transports, my dear Rosamond," said her mother. "If you expect so much happiness beforehand, I am afraid you will be disappointed."

"Disappointed, mamma! ——— I thought people were always happy on parties of pleasure—Miss Blisset told me so."

"My dear, you had better judge for yourself, than trust, without knowing any thing of the matter, to what Miss Blisset tells you."

"But, mamma, if I know nothing of the matter, how can I judge; and how can I possibly help trusting to what Miss Blisset tells me?"

"Is it impossible to wait till you know more, my dear Rosamond?"

"But I never was on a party of pleasure in my life, mamma; therefore I cannot judge beforehand."

"True, my dear; that is the very thing I am endeavouring to point out to you."

"But, mamma, you said, do not raise your expectations so high. Mamma, is it not better to think I shall be happy beforehand? You know, the hope makes me so happy, at this present minute. And, if I thought I should be unhappy, I should be unhappy now."

"I do not wish you to think you shall be unhappy, my dear. I wish you to have as much of the pleasant feeling of hope at this minute, as you can have, without its being followed by the pain of disappointment. And, above all, I wish you to attend to your own feelings, that you may find out what makes you

happy, and what makes you unhappy Now you are going on a party of pleasure, my dear Rosamond, and I beg that you will observe whether you are happy or not; and observe what it is that pleases you, or entertains you; for you know, that it is not merely the name of a party of pleasure that can make it agreeable to us."

"No, not merely the name, to be sure," said Rosamond. "I am not so foolish as to think *that;* yet the name sounds very pretty."

Here the conversation was interrupted. A carriage came to the door, and Rosamond exclaimed—

"Here they are, mamma! Here are Mrs. Blisset and Miss Blisset, and her two brothers. I see their heads in the coach; I will run and put on my hat."

"I assure you, mamma," continued Rosamond, as she was tying the strings of her hat, "I will remember to tell you

whether I have been happy or not. I think I know beforehand what I shall say."

Rosamond went with her mother, and Mrs. Blisset, and Miss Blisset, and the two Master Blissets, on this party of pleasure; and the next morning, when Rosamond went into her mother's room, her mother reminded her of her promise.

"You promised to tell me, my dear, whether you were as happy yesterday as you expected to be."

"I did, mamma.—You must know, then, that I was not at all happy yesterday; that is to say, I was not nearly so happy as I thought I should have been. I should have liked going in the boat, and seeing the streamers flying, and hearing the music, and looking at the prospect, and walking in the pretty island, and dining out of doors under the large shady trees, if it had not been for other things, which were so disagreeable, that they spoiled all our pleasure."

"What were those disagreeable things?"

"Mamma, they were *little* things; yet they were very disagreeable. Little disputes; little quarrels, mamma, between Miss Blisset and her brothers, about everything that was to be done. First, when we got into the boat, the youngest boy wanted us to sit on one side, and Miss Blisset wanted us to sit on the other side: now, mamma, you know, we could not do both; but they went on, disputing about this, for half an hour; and Godfrey and I were so ashamed, and so sorry, that we could not have any pleasure in listening to the music, or in looking at the prospect You were at the other end of the boat, mamma; and you did not see or hear all this. Then we came to the island, and then I thought we should be happy; but one of the boys said, 'Come this way, or you will see nothing;' and the

other boy roared out, 'No, they *must* come *my* way;' and Miss Blisset insisted upon our going her way. And all the time we were walking, they went on disputing about which of their ways was the best. Then they looked so discontented, and so angry with one another! I am sure, they were not happy ten minutes together, all day long; and I said to myself, 'Is this a party of pleasure? How much happier Godfrey and I are every day, even without going to this pretty island; and without hearing this music, or seeing these fine prospects! Much happier; because we do not quarrel with one another about every trifle!'"

"My dear," said her mother, "I am glad you have had an opportunity of seeing all this."

"Mamma, instead of its being a party of pleasure, it was a party of pain! O mamma! I shall never wish to go on

another party of pleasure! I have done with parties of pleasure for ever," concluded Rosamond.

"You know, my dear Rosamond, I warned you not to raise your expectations too high, lest you should be disappointed. You have found, that unless people are good-tempered and obliging, and ready to yield to one another, they make pain, as you say, even out of pleasure; therefore, avoid quarrelsome people as much as you can, and never imitate them; but do not declare against all parties of pleasure, and decide that you have done with them for ever. because one happened not to be as delightful as you had expected that it would be."

THE

BLACK BONNET.

ROSAMOND, at this time, was with her mother in London. One morning, an elderly lady came to pay her mother a visit. This lady was an old friend of her mother's; but she had been, for some years, absent from England, so that Rosamond had never before seen her. When the lady had left the room Rosamond exclaimed—

"Mamma! I do not like that old woman at all. I am sorry, ma'am, that you promised to go to see her in the country, and to take me with you; for I dislike that woman, mamma."

"I will not take you with me to her house if you wish not to go there, Rosamond; but why you should dislike that lady, I cannot even guess: you never saw her before this morning, and you know nothing about her."

"That is true, mamma! but I really do dislike her—I disliked her from the first minute she came into the room."

"For what reason?"

"Reason, mamma! I do not know—I have no particular reason."

"Well, particular or not, give me some reason."

"I cannot give you a reason, mamma, for I do not know why I did not like the woman; but you know that very often ——or at least some times——without any reason—without knowing why—we like or dislike people."

"'*We!*"—Speak for yourself, Rosamond; for my part, I always have some reason for liking or disliking people."

"Mamma, I dare say I have some reason too, if I could find it out; but I never thought about it."

"I advise you to think about it, and find it out. Silly people sometimes like or *take a fancy*, as they call it, at first sight, to persons who do not deserve to

be liked; who have bad tempers, bad characters, bad qualities. Sometimes silly people take a dislike, or as they call it, an *antipathy*, to those who have good qualities, good characters, and good tempers."

"That would be unlucky——unfortunate," said Rosamond, beginning to look grave.

"Yes; unlucky, unfortunate, for the silly people; because they might, if they had their choice, choose to live with the bad instead of with the good; choose to live with those who would make them unhappy, instead of with those who would make them happy."

"That would be a sad thing indeed, mamma—very sad. Perhaps, that woman to whom I took a dislike, or—what do you call it?—an *antipathy*, may be a good woman, mamma."

"It is possible, Rosamond.

"Mamma, I will not be one of the silly people—I will not have an

antipathy—what is an antipathy, mamma?"

"A feeling of dislike, for which we can give no reason."

Rosamond stood still and silent for some moments, considering deeply, and then suddenly bursting out laughing she laughed for some time, without being able to speak. At last she said—

Mamma, I am laughing at the very odd, silly reason I was going to give you for disliking that lady—Only because she had an ugly, crooked sort of pinch in the front of her black bonnet."

"Perhaps that was a sufficient reason for disliking the black bonnet," said Rosamond's mother; "but not quite sufficient for disliking the person who wore it."

"No, mamma; because she does not always wear it, I suppose. She does not sleep in it, I dare say; and, if I were to see her without it, I might like her."

"Possibly."

"But, mamma, there is another reason why I disliked her; and this, perhaps is a bad and unjust reason; but still I cannot help disliking the thing, and this thing she cannot take off or put on as she pleases; I can never see her without it, mamma; and this is a thing I must always dislike; and my knowing that this is the reason that I dislike her, does not make me dislike her the least the less."

"'The least the less!'" repeated Rosamond's mother: "by the accuracy of your language, Rosamond, I perceive how accurately you think at present."

"O mamma, but this does not depend on thinking, mamma; this depends on feeling—Mamma, I wonder—I have a great curiosity to know—whether you took notice of that shocking thing?"

"When you have told me what this shocking thing is, I shall be able to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mamma, if you do not know it, it did not shock you; that is clear."

"Not perfectly clear."

"Then, mamma, you did see it, did you? And how could you help being shocked by it?"

"Will you tell me what you mean, Rosamond?"

"Then, mamma, you did not see it."

"'*It*,' what?"

"When her glove was off, mamma, did not you see it—the shocking finger, mamma; the stump of a finger, and the great scar all over the back of her hand? Mamma, I am glad she did not offer to shake hands with me, for I think I could not have touched her hand; I should have drawn back mine."

"There is no danger that she should ever offer to shake hands with you, Rosamond, with that hand; she knows that it is disagreeable. If you observe, she gave me her other hand."

"That was well done. So she knows it is disagreeable. Poor woman! how sorry and ashamed of it she must be."

"She has no reason to be ashamed; she has more reason to be proud of it."

"Proud of it! Why, mamma?—Then you know something more about it—Will you tell me all you know, mamma?"

"I know that she burnt that hand in saving her little grand-daughter from being burnt to death. The child, going too near the fire, when she was in a room by herself, set fire to her frock; the muslin was in flames instantly; as she could not put out the flame, she ran screaming to the door; the servants came—some were afraid, and some did not know what to do. Her grandmother heard the child's screams—ran up stairs—saw all her clothes and her hair on fire. She instantly rolled her up in a rug, that was on the hearth. The kind

grandmother did not, however, escape unhurt, though she did not at the time know, or feel, how much. But when the surgeon had dressed the child's burns, then she showed him her own hand. It was so terribly burnt, that it was found necessary to cut off one joint of the finger. The scar which you saw is the mark of the burn."

"Dear, good, courageous woman!—And what a kind, kind grandmother!" cried Rosamond. "O mamma, if I had known all this!—Now I do know all this, how differently I feel—How unjust, how foolish to dislike her!—And for a pinch in a black bonnet!—And for that very scar!—that very hand ———Mamma, I would not draw back my hand if she was to offer to shake hands with me now———Mamma, I wish to go to see her now—Will you take me with you to her house in the country?"

"I will, my dear."

THE

INDIA CABINET.

It will be a great while before we come to the India cabinet. First, there are arrangements for several journeys to be made. Whoever has a clear head for these things, and who can understand at first hearing it told, how various people intend to go and to come, and to meet upon the road, may, if they please, read the following page—Others had better skip it, because they certainly will not understand it.

Rosamond's father was at this time absent. He was gone to place Orlando at a public school; he had taken Godfrey with him, that he might have the pleasure of the journey with his brother: but Godfrey was not to be left at the school, as he was not yet sufficiently prepared for it. He was to return with

his father; and his father, on his way home, was to call at the house of his sister, to bring back Laura: she had been for some time with her aunt, who had not been well.

Rosamond's mother, in the mean time, determined to go to Egerton Grove, to see the *lady of the black bonnet;* and Rosamond was now eager to accompany her mother.

Mrs. Egerton, for that was the name of the lady of the black bonnet, had also invited Rosamond's father and sister to Egerton Grove, and they were to meet Rosamond and her mother there, on their way home.

Rosamond, with her mother, arrived at Mrs. Egerton's. With feelings very different from those with which she had seen Mrs. Egerton the first time, Rosamond now saw this lady; and, quite forgetting whether her bonnet was black or white, Rosamond was struck with the

old lady's benevolent countenance, and good-natured smile. Mrs. Egerton introduced her to her grand-daughter, Helen, the little girl who had been so much burnt. Rosamond, as soon as she had an opportunity, began to talk to Helen about that accident; and Helen told her the whole history of it over again, adding many little circumstances of her grand-mother's kindness and patience, which increased Rosamond's present disposition to admire and love her. Not a day, and scarcely an hour passed, but Rosamond liked her better and better; and with good reason, for not a day or hour passed without Rosamond's hearing something instructive or entertaining from this old lady, who was particularly fond of children; and who knew how to please and amuse, without flattering or spoiling them.

One morning Mrs. Egerton took Rosamond into her dressing-room,

where there was a large India cabinet. She opened the doors of this cabinet, and told Rosamond, that she might look at all that was contained in the twelve drawers of this cabinet. The first drawer which Rosamond opened was full of shells: and the first shell which caught Rosamond's attention, was one which looked, as she said, like a monstrously large snail shell, about eight inches across, or as wide as the breadth of a sheet of paper; as she laid it down upon a sheet of letter paper, which was on the table, it nearly covered the whole breadth of it. The shell looked as if it was made of thin, transparent, white paper. It was a little broken, so that she could see the inside, which was divided into a number of partitions, or distinct cells; she counted about forty, and through each of these there was a hole large enough, as Rosamond thought to admit a pencil or a pen.

Mrs. Egerton told her, that this was the shell of the nautilus.

"Ha!" cried Rosamond, "how glad I am to see the nautilus.

'Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.'

But, ma'am, how does the nautilus sail? Where is the thin oar? I do not see any thing here like oars, or sails."

Mrs. Egerton told her, that what the poet calls the sails and the oars, belong to the fish itself, and not to the shell. "You can read an account of the nautilus, my dear, in several books, which, I dare say, your father has; and I believe I can show how——"

"Thank you, ma'am," interrupted Rosamond; "but will you tell me just a little about it now, and I will look for the rest afterwards?"

Mrs. Egerton said that she was sorry she could not vouch for the truth of what she was going to tell her, but that

it had been so believed; and though contradicted by later travellers, it was at least a very pretty fable: *it is said* that the nautilus has eight arms or legs, whichever they should be called; and its feet or hands are webbed, like a duck's foot. When the nautilus wants to sail, it sets up some of these arms above the water and above the top of the shell, and it spreads out its wide webbed hands, which serve for sails. Sometimes it sets up and spreads six of these sails at once, while two of its arms, which are longer than the others, serve for oars; and with these it rows itself on in the water."

"I wish I could see it!" cried Rosamond—"I wish I could see it rowing, and with all its sails up, sailing away! —Ma'am, are these fish often seen sailing, and where are they seen?"

"In fine weather, they are often seen sailing on the Mediterranean sea; but when they fear a storm, or when they

are in danger from any of their enemies, they instantly furl their sails, that is, draw them down, pull their oars into their shell, turn their whole shell upside down, and sink themselves below the surface of the water by a curious method."

"How very convenient!" said Rosamond—"But what is the curious method?"

"When he wants to sink, the nautilus lets water into some of those divisions, or cells, which you see; and he lets in water, till he, and his shell, and the water in it, become altogether so heavy, that they can no longer float on the sea. Then he sinks———"

"'Then he sinks,'" repeated Rosamond—"that I understand; but how does he rise again? for how can he get the water out of his shell when there is water all round him?"

"It is said," replied Mrs. Egerton, "that he has the power of pressing his

body, in such a manner, into the cells, that he can expel, or push out, the water from them at pleasure; and the air, in these cells, being lighter than the water, he rises again, and comes to the surface of the sea. And, in the same way, by letting water into the cells, or filling them with air, he can make one side or the other, or one end or the other, of his shell heavier, so as to set it in any direction, with either side or end uppermost, just as he pleases; by these means he can *trim*, or balance his boat with the greatest nicety."

"How very happy he must be!" said Rosamond. "I wish men could learn, from the little nautilus, to make such a boat, as well as learn from him to sail. But, ma'am, what is this other shell, which has this tuft, or tassel, of fine silk sticking to it?"

Mrs. Egerton told her, that this, which looked like silk, is called the

beard of the fish that formerly lived in the shell. Of this silky substance, when it has been collected from a number of this kind of fish, fine and remarkably warm gloves and stockings have been made. "This animal," said Mrs. Egerton, "has been called the *silkworm of the sea.* Its name is the pinna."

On the slip of paper, on which this name was written, Rosamond saw two lines of poetry, which she read; and of which she asked an explanation.

"Firm to his rock, *the* silver cords suspend
The anchor'd pinna, and his cancer friend."*

Mrs. Egerton told her "that this fish fastens itself, by these silky threads, to the rocks, twenty or thirty feet beneath the surface of the sea: and it fastens itself so firmly that fishermen, to pull it up, are obliged to use strong iron hooks, at the end of long poles, with which

* Botanic Garden, canto iii, line 67; and note xxvii, page 72.

they tear it from the rocks. It is called by the poet, 'the *anchored* pinna;' because it is fastened, or anchored by these silken threads, to the rocks, as a ship is fastened by ropes to the anchor."

"But what is meant by his '*cancer friend?*'" asked Rosamond.

"It is said," replied Mrs. Egerton "that a sort of little crab-fish, called cancer, who has no shell of his own, lives in the shell of the pinna; and is very useful to him in procuring him food, and in giving him notice when his enemy, the eight-footed polypus, is coming near. The cancer goes out of the shell to search for food: he has, I am told, remarkably quick eyes; and when he sees the polypus coming he returns immediately into the shell of his friend pinna, warns him of the danger, and instantly the pinna shuts his shell, and they are both safe; for the polypus cannot get at them when their shell is shut. I am told, also, that the cancer

divides with his friend pinna all the booty, or food, which he brings home to his shell."

"How curious!" cried Rosamond. "I did not think that fishes could be such good friends.—But, ma'am, is this really true? Are you certain of it? For I observe you said, 'I am told,' or 'It is said.'"

"As I have not seen the cancer and pinna myself," said Mrs. Egerton, "I cannot be certain; I can only tell you what I have read and heard. When the poet speaks of friendship, you cannot suppose that there is really friendship between these fish; but there is some mutual interest, which makes them perform services for each other; but it has been contradicted, and I cannot give you any good authority for its truth."

Rosamond found so many other curious shells, and so many questions to ask about them, that she had scarcely time this morning to look through the

drawer of shells before it was time to go out to walk.

"O ma'am, you are looking at your watch; I am afraid you are going," said Rosamond. "And here is mamma coming to ask you to walk."

"Yes, I must go now," said Mrs. Egerton; "but I shall be able, to-morrow morning, I hope, to answer any other questions you may wish to ask."

Rosamond thanked her; but was very sorry that she was going. "I have looked over but one drawer yet, and I long to see some more; but then, if I look at them by myself, I shall not have half so much pleasure; all the pleasure of talking, and hearing, I shall lose. I shall forget, to-morrow, to ask the questions I may want to ask; and then I shall lose, perhaps, a great many such entertaining facts, mamma, as Mrs. Egerton has told me to-day—I wish she was not going out to walk; but

perhaps, if she stayed, she would be tired of telling me these things."

"Most probably you would be sooner tired," said Mrs. Egerton, "of listening to them."

"O no, ma'am," said Rosamond—"And yet," added she, "I know that listening to the most entertaining things, for a very long time together, does tire at last. I recollect being once tired of hearing Godfrey read the fairy Paribanou, in the Arabian Tales; and yet *that*, all the time, entertained me excessively."

"Suppose then," said Rosamond's mother, "that you were to divide your entertainment, and make the pleasure last longer."

"Mamma, I know you are going to advise me to shut this cabinet, and keep the pleasure of seeing the other drawers till to-morrow; but then I am so very curious, and I want so much to see what is in them."

"But, if you put off the pleasure, it will be greater," said her mother—"Mrs. Egerton will be with you, and will tell you all you want to know, and you say *that* increases the pleasure; I think you said you should not have half the pleasure without her."

"Half!—No, not a quarter, I am sure," said Rosamond.

"Then, Rosamond, the question is," said her mother, "whether you choose a little pleasure now, or a great pleasure to-morrow?"

Rosamond took hold of one of the doors of the black cabinet, as her mother spoke, as if she was going to shut it.

"Four times the pleasure, if you put it off till to-morrow, Rosamond."

Rosamond shut one door; but paused, and hesitated, and held the other open.

"Mamma, in that drawer that is not quite shut, I see some beautiful little

branches of red sealing-wax; might I open that one drawer *now?*"

"No, no; you must make your choice, and be content."

"But perhaps," said Rosamond—

"Finish your sentence, my dear; or shall I finish it for you?—perhaps to-morrow will never come."

"No, no, mamma; I am not so foolish."

"Perhaps, then, you mean to say, that you cannot look forward so far as till to-morrow?"

"Mamma, you know so long ago as two summers I learned to look forward about the blowing of my rosebud: and last year I looked forward a whole twelvemonth about my hyacinth—— O mamma!"

"You were very prudent about the hyacinths: and were you not rewarded for it, by having more pleasure than you would have had, if you had not been prudent and patient?"

"Yes, mamma; but that was worth while; but, I think it is not worth while to be prudent and patient, or to make such wise judgments and choices, about every little trifle, mamma."

"I think, on the contrary, that it is very well worth while to be patient and prudent, and to make wise judgments and choices—even about trifles—because then we shall probably acquire the habit of being patient and prudent, and when we come to judge and choose about matters of consequence, *we* shall judge and choose well."

Rosamond shut the other door of the cabinet, and, turning the key in the lock slowly, repeated—"'Four times as much pleasure to-morrow.' It is worth while, certainly; but, mamma, though I see that it is worth while, you know it requires some resolution to do it."

"That is true, my dear Rosamond—And the having or the not having resolution to submit to self-denials, and

to do what is known to be best, makes the chief difference between foolish and wise people; and not only between the foolish and the wise, but between the bad and the good."

"'Between the bad and the good,' mamma!—how can that be?"

"Yes, my dear. It is seldom for want of knowing what is right, but for want of having resolution to do it, that people become bad—for want of being able to resist some little present temptation—for want of being able steadily to prefer a great future to a little present pleasure."

Rosamond turned the key decidedly—"I shall always have resolution enough, I hope," said she, "to prefer a great future to a little present pleasure."

"Do so in trifles, my dear child," said her mother, kissing her, "and you will do so in matters of consequence, and you will become wise and good; and

you will be the joy and pride of your mother's heart."

"And of my father's, mamma."

Well pleased with herself, Rosamond presented the key of the India cabinet to Mrs. Egerton, who desired her to keep it herself.

The next morning, at the appointed time, Mrs. Egerton was in her dressing-room, and Rosamond's mother was there also; and Rosamond opened the India cabinet, and fully enjoyed all the pleasure she had expected, and all the advantage of Mrs. Egerton's instruction.

The first drawer she opened was that in which she had seen a glimpse of what she called *little trees of red sealing-wax.* They were each about a foot high, and had really somewhat the shape of branches of trees without leaves, and in appearance and colour resembled red sealing-wax. When Rosamond took up one of these branches, she was surprised

to feel its weight; for it was much heavier than sealing-wax, or than a wooden branch of the same size would have been.

"Is it a vegetable? is it a stone? or is it made by men? and what is it made of?" said she; "or where does it come from? and what is it called, ma'am?"

Mrs. Egerton could not answer all these questions at once, but she began with the easiest, and answered, that it was called *coral*. Rosamond immediately recollected *the coral* which she had seen hanging round the neck of one of her little cousins, who was an infant—Then she repeated—"But what is it? or how is it made?"

Mrs. Egerton told her that people are not yet quite certain what it is—that it is found under the sea, generally fastened to rocks—that for many hundred years people believed it was a vegetable but that within this last

hundred years they believe it to be an animal substance—a substance made by little animals: it has been discovered, that there are innumerable small cells in coral, which are inhabited by these animals; and it is supposed, that the animals make these cells."

"It is supposed!" repeated Rosamond—"only *supposed*."

Rosamond was rather impatient of the doubtful manner in which Mrs Egerton spoke—she wondered that people had been so many years *believing* wrong, and wished that somebody would decide. Rosamond, as she spoke, looked from Mrs. Egerton to her mother, and from her mother to Mrs. Egerton. But neither of them would decide. Mrs. Egerton said that she did not know facts sufficient; and Rosamond's mother said, that, if people would avoid being in the wrong, they must often have patience to wait, till they know

more facts, before they attempt to decide.

Rosamond thought this disagreeable; but she said that, rather than be in the wrong, which was still more disagreeable, she would try to have patience. Rosamond shut the drawer of corals, and opened another drawer. This contained a set of Chinese toys, men and women rowing boats, or seeming to draw water in buckets from a well; or tumblers, tumbling head over heels down stairs, and performing various feats of activity. These toys were set in motion by touching or winding up some machinery withinside, which was concealed from view. For some time Rosamond was amused so much by seeing their motions, that she could think of nothing else; but, after she had seen the boatmen row the boat ten times round the table, and after she had seen the watermen pull up and let down

their empty buckets twenty times, and the tumblers tumble down stairs fifty times, she exclaimed—

"I wish I knew how all this was done!—Oh, if papa were here!—How I wish that my father and Godfrey were with us! Godfrey would delight in them, and I should so like to see his surprise!—And my father would perhaps explain to me how they are all moved——And Laura!—Oh! if Laura were here, how I should like to show her these strange drawings on these Chinese skreens!" continued Rosamond, taking one of them in her hand, and laughing—"Very different from the nice tables and chairs, in perspective, which Laura draws! Look at those men and women, sitting and standing up in the air, as nobody ever could sit or stand! all the cups and saucers, and teapot, and sliding off that ridiculous table!—Laura, my dear Laura! I wish

you were here!—Mamma, I have not nearly so much pleasure in seeing all these entertaining things as I should have if Laura, and Godfrey, and papa, were looking at them with me!—Mamma, when will they come?"

"They will be here next Monday, I hope, my dear."

"Three whole long days, till Monday!" said Rosamond, considering seriously—"Mamma, do you know I am going to have a great deal of resolution—I shall put off seeing the rest of these things for three days, because I know I shall have so much more pleasure, if I do; and, mamma, I show you now, and always, whenever I have an opportunity, I will prove to you that I have resolution enough to choose—as you say Laura does—the great future pleasure, instead of the present little pleasure: I am very curious about some things in those other drawers, but I will conquer

my impatience; and now, I shut the doors of the India cabinet till Monday."

Rosamond courageously closed the doors, and locked the cabinet.

"Mamma, there is a sort of pleasure in commanding oneself, which is better, after all, than seeing Chinese tumblers or any thing else."

"I am glad you feel that pleasure, my dear, and I hope you will often feel it; that is always in your power; and this is more than can be said of most other pleasures."

Rosamond occupied herself in several different employments during the three following days; and they did not appear to be *long days*. Monday came; her father, and Laura, and Godfrey, arrived; and she was very happy to see them, and they were all glad to see her. Several times, while they were talking of other things, and telling what had happened, and what they had seen

during their absence, she was going to begin a sentence, about the India cabinet: but her mother smiled and whispered—

"Not a good time yet, my dear."

So she waited with heroic patience, till the happy moment came, when all had finished what they wished to say, and when they seemed as if they had nothing that they were particularly anxious to do.

"Now, mamma, is it a good time?"

"Very good."

Rosamond then asked them if they would come with her; for she had something to show them. She led the way to the India cabinet—unlocked it—displayed to Godfrey's wondering eyes the treasures it contained, made the boatmen row, and the watermen work with their buckets, and the tumblers tumble—showed Laura the bad perspective, and told her the history of Pinna and

his cancer friend—asked her if she knew whether coral was a vegetable, animal, or mineral substance. Rosamond spoke and moved all the time with a rapidity that is indescribable; but not inconceivable to those who are used to lively children. Her mother and Mrs. Egerton, with some difficulty, found time to state what Rosamond had forgotten to explain—that she had deferred looking at the remaining nine drawers of this cabinet, that she might have the pleasure of looking at them along with Laura, Godfrey, and her father.

They were quite as much pleased, and as much obliged to her, as she had expected that they would be, and she was fully rewarded for her self-denial and patience. With Mrs. Egerton's permission, her father opened the Chinese boat, so as to show the inside; and he explained to her and Laura, and to Godfrey, who was remarkably fond of

mechanics, how it was made to move. It was moved by a common piece of clock-work, as a chamber clock is kept in motion by a spring, not by a weight. The tumblers were very ingeniously constructed. They held between them a little chair, supported by poles, like those of a sedan chair. At first they stood at the top of a flight of steps, and when the hindmost, or second figure, was once lifted up, he was instantly carried over the first or foremost figure, as if he jumped over his companion's head, between the chair poles, to a step lower than that on which he stood. Without any further assistance, the first figure, which now became the hindmost, jumped in his turn over his fellow chairman's head, the poles turning, and the chair remaining steady, and so on, to the bottom of the steps.

"How was all this performed!"

Each of the children guessed. God-

frey, as usual, decided immediately, and said it was done by a spring.

Rosamond said, she was sure that the figures were not alive, and that the chairmen were neither magicians nor fairies: but this was all of which she was certain. Laura acknowledged that she could not imagine how it was done.

Their father then told them that the *power*, or *force*, which set the figures in motion, was, he believed, a little quicksilver, or a grain of shot, which ran down the chair-poles, which were hollow. But how it continued to move the figures, after the first tumble, would be more, he thought, than he could make them understand till they were better mechanics. Rosamond was for the present quite satisfied.

The only thing, this happy day, which a little vexed Rosamond, was Godfrey's saying, that, though these Chinese toys were very ingenious, he

did not think that they were of any great use; that his father had shown him some mechanics, large *real* machines, which were much more useful, and which therefore he liked better.

"Well?—Let us go on, Godfrey, to the other nine drawers," said Rosamond.

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* The history of the other nine drawers of the India Cabinet has not yet been found.

THE

SILVER CUP.

WHEN Rosamond, Laura, and Godfrey were travelling home with their father and mother, they began to talk of the different people they had lately seen; to describe them, and to tell which of them they liked or disliked.

"Godfrey, pray what sort of a man is Orlando's schoolmaster?" said Rosamond.

"I do not know well," said Godfrey, "for I only just saw him for a minute; papa stayed talking with him a great while, but I went off to the playground, because I wanted to see the boys playing at ball."

"I am sorry you did not see something of Orlando's schoolmaster," said Laura, "for I wished to know how you liked him."

"That I can tell you at once," said Godfrey—"To save trouble, I don't like him at all."

"I do not see how that will save trouble," said Laura.

"It does save trouble," replied Godfrey; "it saves the trouble of long explanations—You, Laura, always ask WHY one likes, and WHY one does not like a person!"

"So much the better! Laura is very right—Now is not she, mother?" cried Rosamond, starting forward from the corner where she sat.

"You need not disturb my mother about it," said Godfrey: "do not you see that she is busy reading her letters?"

"I'll ask my father, then," said Rosamond, springing up and stepping across to where her father was sitting reading the newspaper; but a sudden motion of the carriage threw her forward, and she fell with her nose upon her father's

knee. Her father, putting aside his newspaper, helped her up, and advised her never to stand in a carriage, without holding by something. Then he went on reading the newspaper; and Rosamond not liking to interrupt him more, retired back to her corner, whilst Godfrey laughed, and said—

"Rosamond, you have not gained much by that motion."

But Rosamond, knowing that she was, as she said, "for once, in the right;" and perceiving by Laura's countenance, that Laura was of the same opinion, would not be laughed out of her reason. She brought the example of her own past folly in support of her present wisdom; and gave Godfrey an account of her "foolish *antipathy*, that is, *dislike at first sight*, without reason, to poor, dear, good Mrs. Egerton;" and repeated, pretty correctly, all that her mother had said to her upon that occasion.

"And now, Godfrey," concluded she, "only do consider how much I was mistaken; and how much I should have lost—what a quantity of pleasure—if I had not gone with mamma to see Mrs. Egerton. And first, do you know, I wished very much not to go, and begged mamma would not take me with her; but when mamma advised me to try to find out WHY I disliked her———"

"*Her!*" interrupted Godfrey. "Did you dislike mamma?'

"No, no; but Mrs. Egerton, you know very well.—And when I could find no reason but the pinch in the black bonnet, and the poor scarred hand —and when I saw the one reason was so foolish—and when I heard the story about the fire—my opinion changed; and how well it was for me that it did!"

"Well for you, indeed," said Godfrey; "but you were excessively foolish at first, my dear Rosamond. You don't

think that I could be so foolish as to dislike any body for a pinch in a black bonnet? In the first place, I don't know what you mean by a *pinch in a black bonnet.*"

"May be not," said Rosamond; "but I dare say you might dislike a person yourself for no better reason."

"My dear Rosamond! Impossible! Impossible! Quite impossible!" repeated Godfrey, rolling backwards and forwards with laughter, at the bare idea. "I dislike a person for a pinch in a black bonnet!"

"Well, what is your reason, this minute, for disliking Dr. —— what is his name?——Orlando's schoolmaster."

Godfrey repeated, in his own defence, four lines, which he had learned from the schoolboys, with whom he had been playing at ball—four lines, which, changing the name, most schoolboys think applicable to every schoolmaster:

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I do know very well,
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

Rosamond delayed to pursue her reasons, while she got by rote these rhymes, which were new to her. Laura, however, thought the lines not worth getting by heart; and, before this point had been settled, the attention of all the disputants was turned to another object —They came within sight of a large town, through which they were to pass; and their father said to their mother—

"We stop here; and while the horses are feeding, I think we can have time, my dear, to go to the cotton manufactory; and, if we have, I shall like to show it to the young people."

"Oh, thank you, papa!"

"Pray do, papa!"

"I am sure you will have time!" exclaimed Laura, Godfrey, and Rosamond

Their father and mother determined to stay an hour longer than they had intended, on purpose to give their children the pleasure and advantage of seeing what they could not see so well anywhere else, and what they might not again, for some time, have so good an opportunity of seeing.

"Now, Rosamond," said Godfrey, "you will see some really useful machinery—much more useful than those Chinese toys; but you must not expect to understand all about it; for, do you know, that I do not understand half, nor a quarter of the things I saw in one of the cotton manufactories; and though papa explained a great deal to me, he told me still there was a great deal that I could not possibly understand yet, and a great deal that he does not understand himself. And at first when you go in, you will hear such a noise of whirling and whirring—*whirr*

—*whirr—whirr*—and you will see so many wheels spinning round, round, and round, without knowing what moves them; then such numbers of pale-faced men, women, and children! such numbers, everywhere, so busy, none of them thinking of, or caring for, you! and there will be such a dust! and such disagreeable smells! and want of fresh air! and, Rosamond! you will not be able to hear a word that is said, nor make anybody hear what you say, without bawling, as loud as I do now."

Rosamond looked much alarmed, especially at this last danger, and she said,

"I am afraid to go, and I am sure I shall not understand anything—I know nothing of machines, you know, brother."

"Afraid! Oh, don't be afraid—I will take care of you—There's no danger if you keep out of the way of the wheels, and don't touch anything about the ma-

chines, but hold fast by my arm," said Godfrey, drawing Rosamond's arm within his; "and I will take care of you, my dear Rosamond, and you shall understand everything, for I will explain all to you—I mean everything that I understand myself."

His father smiled, and told Godfrey, that was a good correction of his first assertion.

"After all, my dear," said he, turning to his wife, "I think Rosamond is too young, and knows too little of these things, for her to be amused or instructed by going with us to the cotton manufactory—When I spoke of showing it to the young people, I thought only of Laura and Godfrey."

Rosamond's countenance changed, and she looked mortified and disappointed.

"Papa, do pray take Rosamond!" cried Godfrey—"She will understand something; and I will take such care of

her, and it will be such a pleasure to me, papa."

"And to me, too," added Laura—"and, papa, Rosamond last summer saw cotton wool in its pod, or husk, on the cotton tree, in the hot-house; and she wanted to know how it was spun into cotton thread, such as we use."

Rosamond's eyes were fixed upon her mother, and she waited anxiously to hear what her mother would say—Her mother said, that she thought, as Godfrey did, that Rosamond would be able to understand something, though perhaps very little, of what she might see; but that, however little she might be able to understand, at first, yet it would be useful to Rosamond to see real things, that might entertain her; because she was rather too fond of imaginary things, such as fairy tales, and stories of giants and enchanters; and it would be advantageous to give her a taste for truth and realities.

These reasons determined Rosamond's father, and he took her with them to the cotton manufactory.

At first, going into one of the large rooms, where the machines were, and where the people were at work, she felt nearly as Godfrey had foretold that she would—almost deafened by the noise, and dizzy from the sight of a multitude of wheels spinning round. The disagreeable smells, and dirt, and want of fresh air, which Godfrey had described, Rosamond did not perceive in this manufactory; on the contrary, there was plenty of fresh air, and but little dust; nor were the faces of the men, women, or children, who were at work, pale or miserable; on the contrary, they had a healthy colour, and their looks were lively and cheerful. This manufactory was managed by a very sensible, humane man, who did not think only of how he could get so much work done for himself; but he also considered how he could pre-

serve the health of the people who worked for him, and how he could make them as comfortable and happy as possible.

This gentleman, who was a friend of Rosamond's father, went to them as soon as he was informed of their arrival; and he kindly offered to take the trouble of showing them the whole of his manu factory.

While this gentleman was speaking, Godfrey had carried Rosamond to the farthest end of the long room, to show her some part of the machinery. His father went after him, and brought them back; and as soon as they went out of this room, and away from the noise of the wheels, Godfrey said, "I have shown Rosamond a great many things, already, papa;" but he answered—

"I advise you, Godfrey, not to drag your sister about, to show her a variety of things, so quickly; for if you do, she will have no clear idea of any one thing

—I recommend it to you, to come with us, and to keep as close as you can to this gentleman—to look at each thing, as he shows it to you—to look at but one thing at a time—and to listen to every word he says."

"I will listen, but I am afraid I shall not be able to hear him," said Rosamond; for though I tried to hear Godfrey, and though he roared in my ear, I could not make out half of what he said; I thought he said *hand*, when he said *band*, and I could not see any hand; so I could not understand at all."

Rosamond found, however, that she could hear better after she had been a little accustomed to the noise; and that she could understand a little better when but one thing at a time was shown to her, and when she went on in regular order, from the beginning—from that which was easy, to that which was more difficult.

But presently they came to some part of the machinery which Rosamond could not comprehend; though she looked, or tried to look at but one thing at a time; and though she stuck close to the master of the manufactory, and listened to every word he said. Her father, who had been so intent on what he was about, that he had forgotten Rosamond, chanced, however, to see her looking up, and listening, and frowning, with the pain of attention—He touched her shoulder, and she started.

"My dear little girl," said he, speaking so loud, that she could hear, "I was wrong, to bid you listen to *all* this gentleman says—Don't listen to this; you cannot understand it—Rest; and I will touch you again, when there is any thing to be heard or seen, that you can understand."

Rosamond was right glad to rest her eyes, ears, and understanding.

From this time forward she looked and listened only when her father touched her shoulder, though Godfrey gave her many a twitch, and many a push by the elbow, to force her admiration of things, which were beyond her comprehension. At last, when they had gone through the manufactory, Godfrey said—

"Now, Rosamond, you have missed seeing a great deal, I assure you; you had better just run back with me, and I will show you all that you have missed."

But to this her father objected; and she was glad of it, and quite of his opinion, that she had seen and heard enough already.

The hospitable gentleman, who had shown them his manufactory, now invited them to rest themselves, and to eat some fruit, which he had prepared for them. Cherries, ripe cherries, strawberries and cream, soon refreshed them;

and when Godfrey had finished eating his fruit, he turned to Rosamond and said—

"Rosamond, my dear, you have eaten your cherries, have not you, and you are quite rested; now, I want to know whether you remember all you have seen and heard—Now tell us."

"Impossible, Godfrey!" interposed her father—"you expect impossibilities from your sister; you forget what you were when you were her age."

"It is so long ago, sir," said Godfrey. "But, at any rate, I wish Rosamond would tell us all she remembers."

Rosamond blushed, and hesitated, and said she remembered very little; but her father encouraged her, by assuring her that he did not expect that she should remember much; that, if she remembered any thing distinctly, it would satisfy him, because it would be a proof that she had paid attention; and that

was all, he said, that he expected from her. As he spoke, he drew her to him, and seating her upon his knee, bid her begin, and tell any thing that she could clearly recollect.

The first thing, which Rosamond clearly recollected seeing, she said, was a large quantity of cotton-wool, which was not nearly so fine, or so white, or so soft, or so light, as some, which she afterwards saw, which had been cleaned. This had not been cleaned; there was a number of little seeds in it, and a great deal of dust; and the gentleman told them, that the first thing to be done was to clean the cotton, and take out of it all these seeds and dust. This, he said, used formerly to be done by old women and children, who picked it as clean as they could; but they were a great while about it; and he had at last invented a way of doing it—of cleaning it by a machine.

Here Rosamond paused, and Godfrey began with—"Don't you remember, Rosamond?——"

But his father stopped him—"Give her time to recollect, and she will remember."

"There was a great noise and a great wind, papa, just at that time; and I do not recollect exactly how it was."

"What cleaned the cotton, or how was it cleaned, my dear?"

"I don't know, papa; because I could not see the inside of the machine, and there was something about a door, a valve, and moving first in one direction and then in another *direction*—I never rightly understood about the direction."

"The word *direction* seems to have puzzled you; but let that alone, for the present, and tell us simply what you saw."

"I saw a great sort of box, larger than this table, with an iron grating,

like the grating of a fender all over the top of it; and when I looked through this grating, I saw bits of cotton wool, which looked like flakes of snow driven about by a high wind; first blown up against the grating, in one part, and then falling down at another part of the box."

"Was there any dust?"

"A great deal of dust blown through the grating."

"Where did that dust come from, or what made it, do you think?"

"The dust came from the cotton-wool, I believe; and I believe it was blown out by the wind; but I don't know about the rising and falling—I do not know about the valve or the door."

While Rosamond spoke, Godfrey had pressed closer and closer, and bit his lip with impatience, and at last said—"Papa, do let me just ask her one

question; it will not put her out: indeed, it will put her in."

"Well, ask it Godfrey, lest you should burst in ignorance," said his father.

"Did you never see a machine like it, Rosamond?" cried Godfrey—"I do not mean quite like it, because it is very different, in some respects, but like it in general."

"No," said Rosamond.

"Recollect, my dear Rosamond!—at home, last autumn, in the barn."

"Oh! now I recollect, for you have told me almost; you mean the winnowing machine; yes, I thought of that once; but I was puzzled about the door."

"Let that alone, my dear," said her father.—"Now you have told us all that you understand, or can recollect of that machine, have you?—Do you remember what is done next to the cotton?"

"Yes; it is combed out, and made

smooth, and thin, and flaky—*carded*—but not as I have seen a woman card wool with little flat boards, with pins stuck upon them; but with great large rollers, with pins stuck upon them, and the pins, like the teeth of a comb, comb the cotton, that is drawn over them: but I do not exactly know how—Then comes the spinning."

"Take breath—you shall have time—do not hurry yourself."

"I cannot recollect any more, papa; after this all is confusion. There were such a number of little wheels spinning and large wheels underneath, and bands round them."

"My dear, it is impossible, that you should understand the motions and uses of the motions of all those wheels; but, I dare say, you know the general purpose, or use, of the whole."

"Yes; to make the cotton wool into cotton thread—to spin it."

"And do you recollect the name of the spinning machine?"

"I remember that perfectly—*spinning Jennies.*"

"Why was that name given to them—can you tell?"

"Because *Jenny* is a woman's name, you know; and Jenny, I suppose, spun; and when these machines were made to spin, instead of women, they were called *spinning Jennies.*"

"Then cotton was formerly spun by women, and with spinning wheels?" said her father.

"Yes, papa; so the gentleman said."

"And why, Rosamond, do they not continue to spin in the same manner?"

"Because the spinning Jennies spin much more quickly; a woman moved with her foot and hands only one spinning wheel; but these machines do the work of a hundred spinning wheels at once in the same time—I saw them all

in rows working, pulling the cotton out, and twisting it, just like so many spinning wheels, only better and faster —How they were moved——there is the thing I don't know, papa !—I could not understand how it was done—And I am tired now of trying to recollect."

"You have understood and recollected more than I expected that you could, my dear," said her father; "especially as you have not been used to such things. I am glad you have attended so carefully. It may not be necessary for you ever to understand perfectly these or any other machines; but it is always useful, and will often be necessary, for you, to command your attention, and to turn it to observe real things. Some other time I will bring you here again, if this gentleman will give me leave, and if you wish it yourself."

The gentleman kindly said, that he

should be glad to see Rosamond again, and that he would then try to explain to her any thing she might wish to know.

Rosamond thanked this good gentleman, and was glad that her father was pleased with her. She said, that, some other time, she should like to see the way in which the pretty little balls of cotton are wound. "That was what Godfrey was showing me, papa, when you called us away."

"I am glad I did call you away, my dear; because you could not have understood it, and Godfrey would only have puzzled you."

"Look, look, papa! look, mamma! out of this window!" cried Godfrey—"All the people are going from work; look, what numbers of children are passing through this great yard!"

The children passed close by the window, at which Godfrey and Rosamond

had stationed themselves; among the little children, came some tall girls; and, among these, there was one, a girl about twelve years old, whose countenance particularly pleased them—several of the younger ones were crowding round her.

"Laura! Laura! look at this girl! what a good countenance she has!" said Rosamond, "and how fond the little children seem of her!"

"That is Ellen—She is an excellent girl," said the master of the manufactory; "and those little children have good reason to be fond of her."

Rosamond and Godfrey asked "Why?" and the gentleman answered—

"It is a long story; perhaps you would be tired of hearing it."

But they begged he would tell it; and he complied.

"Some time ago," said he, "we had

a benevolent clergyman here, who gave up several hours of his time, every week, to instruct the children in this manufactory: he taught them to read and write, and he taught them arithmetic; he taught them much more, for he taught them the difference between right and wrong, and explained to them the use of doing right, and its good consequences—the happiness that follows from it; and the evil and unhappiness that follow from doing wrong. He was so kind and gentle, in his manner of teaching, that these children all liked him very much. At last news came that this good clergyman was to leave the place—he was appointed master of a large school, and a living was given to him, in another county, at a considerable distance. All the children in the manufactory were sorry that he was going away; and they wished to do something that should prove to him

their respect and gratitude. They considered and consulted among one another. They had no money—nothing of their own to give, but their labour; and they agreed, that they would work a certain number of hours, beyond their usual time, to earn money, to buy a silver cup, which they might present to him the day before that appointed for his departure. They were obliged to sit up great part of the night to work, to earn their shares. Several of the little children were not able to bear the fatigue and the want of sleep. For this they were very sorry; and when Ellen saw how sorry they were, she pitied them—and she did more than pity them. After she had earned her own share of the money to be subscribed for buying the silver cup, she sat up every night a certain time to work, to earn the shares of all these little children. Ellen never said anything of

her intentions; but went on steadily, working, till she had accomplished her purpose. I used to see her, night after night, and used to fear she would hurt her health, and often begged her not to labour so hard; but she still said—'It does me good, sir.' When she had completed her work, the wages were paid to her; and all the wages were paid to those, who had worked extra hours—that is, hours beyond their usual hours of working. A clerk was sitting at a table, to receive the subscriptions for the silver cup; and those, who had earned their contribution, went up proudly, one by one, and laid down the money on the table, saying, 'Write down my name, sir, if you please; there is my subscription.'

"The poor little children, who had nothing to give, were sadly mortified, and stood behind, ready to cry. Ellen went to them, and took them out of

the room with her, and without letting any body see her but themselves, she put into the hands of each their share of the subscription money, that they might have the pleasure of subscribing for themselves."

Everybody was pleased with this anecdote of Ellen, and were glad that they had seen her. Rosamond said, in a low voice, to her mother, that, if Laura had been a poor girl, in the same situation, she would have done just as Ellen did.

Rosamond was going to have said more, but her attention was now drawn to another subject. The master of the manufactory opened a desk, and produced the copy of the inscription, which had been engraved upon the silver cup. Godfrey, into whose hands it happened first to be put, began to read it; but, the moment he saw the clergyman's name, he laid down the paper, and exclaimed ——

"To Doctor Bathurst——that is the name of Orlando's schoolmaster! Can it be the same Doctor Bathurst?"

Godfrey asked for a description of Doctor Bathurst—he found it exactly agreed with that of the schoolmaster; and it was proved that the good clergyman and the schoolmaster, to whom Godfrey had taken a dislike, were one and the same person.

Rosamond and Laura looked at one another, and smiled: and Rosamond could not forbear whispering,

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell——"

But Rosamond stopped; for she saw that Godfrey looked so much ashamed of himself, that she would not then laugh at him.

The carriage came to the door; and, after thanking the gentleman who had received them so hospitably, and who had given up so much time to show

them his manufactory, they took leave of him, and they got into their carriage, and pursued their journey. As they drove on, they began to talk of what they had seen and heard; and, first, about Doctor Bathurst and the silver cup. In general, Godfrey was apt to think himself in the right; but when he was clearly convinced that he had been mistaken, he always acknowledged it candidly. He now confessed, that he had been quite mistaken in his opinion of Doctor Bathurst; and that his disliking him merely because he was a schoolmaster, and because some schoolboys had repeated four nonsensical lines, was almost as foolish as Rosamond's dislike to Mrs. Egerton for *the pinch* in her black bonnet. Then Godfrey and Rosamond began to talk over their causes for liking or disliking every person they knew; and presently grew vehement in maintaining the justice of

these causes, and the excellence of their several reasons.

"I like Mrs. Allen, because she is always cheerful," said Rosamond.

"I like Mr. Ormond, because he is so honest," cried Godfrey.

"I love Mrs. Ellis, because she is so good-natured," said Rosamond.

"I like Mr. Brooke, because he is always entertaining," said Godfrey.

Being cheerful, honest, good-natured, and entertaining, Laura, who was appealed to as a judge, allowed to be good reasons for liking people; but when it came to the degrees of liking, and to the question, which ought to be most liked and esteemed, the case became more difficult; and Laura presently began to make a catalogue of all the virtues, and as well as the motion of the carriage would allow, she wrote them down in the order, in which she thought they deserved to be placed; "and then,"

said she, "we can try all your favourites by our list." But the list was not soon arranged. It was easy enough to settle the names of the virtues; but it was difficult to put them into their proper order. Truth and honesty Godfrey and Rosamond readily allowed to come first; but there was a great debating about cheerfulness and neatness, and "as for a person's being entertaining," Rosamond said, "that was no *virtue*," though she acknowledged she liked people for being entertaining. After talking long and loud, till at last they did not understand one another or themselves, they appealed to their father, and asked him if he could help them to settle their debate. Their father said, that they had, without knowing it, got deep into a very difficult question—"I am afraid, that I cannot answer you without going deeper still."

"Do then, papa, if you please," said

Godfrey; "and I will follow you—I love to argue with Laura, because she will go deep; but Rosamond never will."

"I do not know what you mean by going deep," said Rosamond.

"Consider how young she is," said Laura.

"Well! let us hear what my father was going to say—Which virtue should stand highest in our list, papa? which next? and so on."

"The most useful, I think, should come first," replied his father: "and you might, I believe, arrange them all by their degrees of usefulness, or utility."

"Useful! papa," cried Godfrey; "but are there not many virtues, which are not at all useful?"

"Which are they?"

"Generosity, for instance," said Godfrey.

"If it be useless generosity, I think it is no virtue," replied his father.

Godfrey thought again, but he could not name any virtue that was not useful.

"But, papa," said Laura, "it will still be very difficult to settle, which is the most useful virtue—how shall we ever do that?"

"Deeper and deeper, indeed, Laura, we must go, to determine that," said her father; "deeper than you can go, or I either; for we must know what contributes most to the happiness of the greatest number of people, and for the greatest length of time—of this, my children, you cannot judge, till you have a great deal more experience and more knowledge."

"I am glad that is settled," said Rosamond: for they had long got beyond her depth, and she had been obliged to have recourse to looking out of the window.

"Now, mamma, will you tell me

something very entertaining, which I heard the gentleman, at the manufactory, telling you, while I was eating my fruit—something about a girl's mistaking a bee for a cow?"

"A girl, who mistook a bee for a cow! She must have been an idiot," cried Godfrey. "My dear Rosamond, there never could have been such a girl! This must be some great mistake of yours."

"Now, mamma, did not I hear that gentleman say so? Mamma, it is not a great mistake of mine, is it?" cried Rosamond.

"No, only a little mistake of yours, my dear Rosamond," answered her mother. "You did hear that gentleman telling me something about a girl, and a bee, and a cow; but you are not clear in the story."

"No; because of the cherries, which

distracted my attention, as you say, mamma. Will you be so good, ma'am, as to tell us the story, and then I shall know it clearly?"

"The fact was simply, that a lady was teaching a poor little girl, who had been constantly employed in a manufactory, to read. And, one day, this child was reading in a book, called Harry and Lucy, an account of a girl's being stung by a bee. The child read ill, and as if she did not in the least understand what she was reading—and the lady said to her, 'I think you do not understand what you are reading.' ——'No, madam, I do not.'——The lady questioned the child farther, and from her answers, began to think, that she had never seen a bee; and she asked the child whether she had ever seen a bee. The child answered, 'Yes, ma'am.' ——'What is a bee like?' said the lady. The child answered, 'Ma'am, it is like a cow.'"

Godfrey, Rosamond, and even the sage Laura, laughed at this strange answer; and they wondered how it was possible, that such an idea could come into the child's head.

"It was clear," Godfrey said, "that the child never had seen a bee;" but Laura did not think this was quite certain.

"The child," she observed, "might have seen a bee, without having been told the name of it."

Laura recollected to have heard her mother read, in the Monthly Magazine, a letter from a lady, who described the ignorance of some children, either in a manufactory or a charity school. It was said, that they did not know the names of a hog or a calf, when the animals were shown to them.

"But why did the girl, when she was asked what a bee was like, say, that it was like a cow?"

Godfrey and Rosamond thought, that the girl said a cow, only because she had nothing else to say; because it was the name of the animal that first occurred to her.

Laura thought, that there was some other reason for it. Her father said, he believed he had discovered the reason; and Godfrey immediately begged that he would not tell, but that he would leave to them the pleasure of guessing or inventing it.

"I would willingly, my dear," said his father, "but that I believe you do not know a certain fact, which is absolutely necessary to be known, Godfrey, before you could guess, or invent it.—Some children—particularly some of the poorer class—are taught their letters in *picture books*, as they call them, where, to each letter of the alphabet, a little *picture*, or, properly speaking, some print is joined, and the thing

represented usually begins with the letter to be taught; as, A, for *apple*, C, for *cat*. Now I remember to have seen, in some of these little books, B, for *bull;* and the letter B stands at the foot of the picture *of a bull*. It is a vulgar saying, meant to express that a person is ignorant—such a one does not know a B from a bull's foot. This saying led me to think of the cause of the child's mistake. And it appears to me, that the sound of the letter, which is pronounced like the name of the insect *bee*, was joined in the child's mind with the idea, or picture, of a bull or a cow. Therefore, when she was asked what a *bee* was like, the recollection of a cow came into her head."

Godfrey, with some difficulty, understood this, and allowed it to be possible Rosamond, who was eager to prove that the poor girl was not an idiot, compre-

hended her father's explanation quickly, and pronounced it to be very ingenious.

Still Godfrey maintained, that the child must have been uncommonly silly, to have made such a mistake. This assertion of Godfrey's led Rosamond and Laura to recollect, and to mention several odd instances of their own misunderstanding of things, when they were little children, which they had read or heard in conversation. Laura mentioned a passage in a story she once read, which appeared to her absolute nonsense; because it was ill stopped, or because, in reading it to herself, she had stopped in the wrong place. The sentence was this—

"'Leonora walked on, her head a little higher than usual;' which, by one method of reading it, may represent Leonora as walking on her own head, and consequently being a little higher than usual."

"However absurd this mistake may seem to us now," said Laura, "I assure you it was really made."

"And not by an idiot, nor by a very silly child, neither," said her mother.

Rosamond next reminded Godfrey of a mistake which he had made, but which he could now hardly believe, till both his sister and his mother joined in bearing witness, and in bringing the time and place to his mind.

"Godfrey, I remember perfectly," said Rosamond, "your telling me, you thought, that there were two worlds; and that America was in the other, and not in this world; that is, not on this earth—not on this globe. And you thought so, because America is called the new world, and all other countries the old world."

"It was a natural mistake for a child to make," said his mother; "and I dare say every child may recollect making a hundred such. Sometimes not till

after people have grown up, do they discover the sense of what they have learnt by rote, when they were children. I can recollect lines of poetry, which I was obliged to learn by rote, when I was a child, and which half my life afterwards I never understood."

"Thank goodness!" cried Rosamond —"Thank your goodness, mamma, we have none of us been forced to learn by rote poetry which we did not understand."

"But are you sure, my dear, that you have not, without being forced to do so, learnt by heart any poetry, that you do not understand?" said her mother.

Rosamond answered by beginning to repeat her favourite little poem.

THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

"When the leaves had forsaken the trees,
And the forests were chilly and bare;
When the brooks were beginning to freeze,
And the snow wavered fast through the air;

" A robin had fled from the wood,
To the snug habitation of man;
On the threshold the wanderer stood,
And thus his petition began:

" 'The snow's coming down very fast,
No shelter is found on the tree;
When you hear this unpitying blast,
I pray you take pity on me.

" 'The hips and the haws are all gone,
I can find neither berry nor sloe:
The ground is as hard as a stone,
And I'm almost buried in snow.

" 'My dear little nest, once so neat,
Is now empty, and ragged, and torn;
On some tree, should I now take my seat,
I'd be frozen quite fast before morn.

" 'Oh throw me a morsel of bread!
Take me in by the side of your fire:
And when I am warmed and fed,
I'll whistle without other hire.

" 'Till the sun be again shining bright,
And the snow is all gone, let me stay;
Oh, see what a terrible night!
I shall die if you drive me away!

"'And when you come forth in the morn,
And are talking and walking around;
Oh, how will your bosom be torn,
When you see me lie dead on the ground!

"'Then pity a poor little thing,
And throw me a part of your store;
I'll fly off in the first of the spring,
And never will trouble you more.'"

"I am sure I understand all this, mamma," said Rosamond; "and 'The poor Piedmontese and his Marmot.'"*

So far so good; but Rosamond went on to "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard."

"Take care, Rosamond," said her mother; "you know I warned you, that you could not yet understand it, when you wanted to learn it by heart."

"But the lines sound so very pretty, and Laura has them all by heart."

"But I never learnt them by heart, till I understood them; and I never

* See Miss Lucy Aikin's Poetry for Children.

understood them, till they had been explained to me."

"I think I understand them well enough," said Rosamond.

"Begin, and let us hear," cried Godfrey.

"'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.'"

"What is meant by 'curfew?'—What is meant by 'tolls?' and what is a knell? and what is meant by 'parting day?'"

"Godfrey, I cannot tell the meaning of every word; but I know the general meaning. It means that the day is going; that it is evening: that it is growing dark.—Now let me go on."

"Go on," said Godfrey, "and let us see what you will do when you come to 'the pomp of heraldry;' to 'the long drawn aisle and fretted vault;' to 'the village Hampden;' to 'some mute inglorious Milton;' and 'to some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.'

—You! who have not come to Cromwell yet in the history of England!"———

"Well, I give it up," said Rosamond, overpowered with all these difficulties: "but, at least, I know the meaning of—

"'The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed.'"

"Oh, I grant you the swallow," said Godfrey; "but not the 'cock's shrill *clarion*.'"

"It means the cock's crowing, which is like a clarion or trumpet."

"How came you to know that?"

"Because Laura told it to me."

"And now, Godfrey, you who have been so severe upon your sister, do you understand all the poetry you have learnt by heart?" said his father.

"Try me," said Godfrey.—He began with some lines from Pope's Homer in Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus—

" ' Why on these shores are we with joy surveyed—
Admired as heroes, and as gods obeyed?' "

He went on to—

" ' Brave though we fall, and honoured if we live;
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.' "

And though he was a little perplexed to explain the last line, yet he convinced his judges that he understood it; that he was master of the sense, and felt the spirit of the whole speech. Elate with this success, he cast a look of triumph upon Rosamond, and began in an heroic tone—

" ' Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air in idle state:
Helm nor hawberk's twisted mail,
Nor ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail.' "

" Gently, gently, my boy!—Tell us, Godfrey," said his father, " who is this ' ruthless king,' and why is ruin to seize him? and what are ' banners?' how were they ' fann'd by conquest's

crimson wing?' and what is 'helm or hawberk's twisted mail?' "

Fortunately for Godfrey, he had carefully read certain notes of Mason's to this poem; and he answered readily that "the ruthless king was Edward the First, who conquered Wales; and when he conquered Wales had put all the Welch bards, or poets, to death: that it was for this crime ruin was to seize him, though his banners, that is, the colours his soldiers carried in battle, were then victorious; 'fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,' was only another way of saying this, Godfrey observed. 'Hawberk's twisted mail,' he explained satisfactorily to be a kind of armour, made of rings of steel. Godfrey went on victoriously, showing that he knew all the kings of England and France, and all the facts in history alluded to in this poem. But presently, as he went on with the poem, he came to a passage,

where his historical notes gave him no assistance.—

"'No more I weep. They do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me, in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.'"

Godfrey could not make any sense of this passage; he did not know who wept—who slept—who the grisly band were—what dreadful harmony they joined, or what they wove with bloody hands.

Moreover, it now appeared that Godfrey did not clearly know whether the person, who had been speaking from the beginning of the poem till this moment, was the ghost of a bard, or the bard himself.

"Ha! ha!" said Rosamond. "Even Godfrey, you see, does not understand all the poetry he has by heart."

"Who does?" said her father, smiling.

"Laura does, I dare say," cried Rosamond.

"I dare not say so," said Laura.

"Do, pray, let us see," said Godfrey.—"Laura, what poetry do you know?"

"Very little," said Laura.—Conscious of the difficulty, she began with more timidity than her younger brother and sister had done. She repeated, first, from the Rape of the Lock, the parody of that speech of Sarpedon's, which Godfrey had recited, beginning with—

"Why round our coaches crowd the white glov'd beaux?"

ending with—

"And trust me, dears, good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail;
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

These lines she well understood, but

she found it difficult to explain the nature of a parody. However, this difficulty was conquered; and her judges, even Godfrey, the most severe among them, admitted that she was not guilty of ever having learned any poetry by rote, which she did not understand; but Laura herself could not allow this to be true. She at once surprised them all, and made them laugh, by confessing, that, when first she learned by heart Collins's Ode to Evening, which begins with—

"If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,"

she did not know the meaning of "pastoral song;" and she had thought, that "Eve" meant our first parent, instead of *evening*. At this strange mistake of Laura's, Godfrey laughed for some minutes. At last Rosamond turned with uncommon seriousness to her mother, and said—

"Mamma, now I am quite convinced

that it would be foolish in me to go on, getting all the poetry by rote, which I happen to hear other people repeat; for, if Laura does not understand it all, how can I?"

"Besides its being foolish to learn mere words, or merely pretty sounds by heart, Rosamond," said her father, "there is another reason why it will be better to put off learning poetry, till you can understand it; you will, if you read it before you have the necessary knowledge, lose a great pleasure, which you may enjoy if you wait till that time. I can give you an example of what I mean. I will repeat to you a few lines which describe something you have seen this day. I am not sure that you will understand them all; but I am sure that you will understand more of them to-day than you could have understood yesterday. Before you had seen, or had any knowledge of the machine that is

described, the lines could only have been nonsense to you, and could have given you no pleasure except, perhaps, that arising from their harmonious, or, as you say, Rosamond, their *pretty* sound."

He then repeated the following lines:

" With wiry teeth revolving cards release
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell'd fleece:
Next moves the iron hand, with fingers fine,
Combs the wide card, and forms th' eternal line;
Slow, with soft lips, the whirling can acquires
The tender skein, and wraps in rising spires;
With quicken'd pace, successive rollers move,
And these retain, and those extend the rove:
Then fly the spoles, the rapid axles glow,
And slowly circumvolves the labouring wheel below."

"The Spinning-Jennies! the cotton machine, papa!" cried Rosamond; "I understand and like a great deal in these lines, and all I understand, I like."

Here Rosamond was interrupted by the postilion's stopping to ask which road they were to go.

THE HAPPY PARTY.

WHICH road should they go was the question.

They had come to a place where three roads branched off from the main road; each of these roads led to objects that the young people wished to see.—To an old castle, with a beautiful park; to a china manufactory; and to a town where there was a rope-walk.

Their father and mother said, that they would go whichever way Godfrey, Rosamond, and Laura should agree in preferring; and they gave the young people five minutes to decide, while their father was drawing a gate-way which was within view.—Godfrey immediately decided. "The rope-walk, then, the rope-walk! I vote for the rope-walk!—Rosamond, don't you?"

"No, indeed," said Rosamond; "I

would rather see the china manufactory, than all the ropes in the world—Would not you, Laura? My dear Laura, you will vote for the china manufactory, will not you?"

"For my own part," said Laura, "if I were to say what I wish for most myself, it would be to see the old castle, and to walk in the beautiful grounds, and to see the fine conservatory; but———"

Before Laura could say another word, Godfrey and Rosamond both interrupted, exclaiming, at the same moment——

"Conservatory! castle! park!—Is it possible, Laura, that you would rather see those foolish things than a rope-walk?—than a china manufactory?"

"I would," said Laura, smiling—"I confess, that I am so very foolish; but I do not call the rope-walk and china manufactory foolish things. On the

contrary, if you will settle between you, Godfrey and Rosamond, which you choose, I will give up my wish, and follow yours."

"O, that is very good-natured! thank you, Laura—thank you, dear Laura," said Rosamond; "you are always so ready to give up.—Now, Godfrey, what pleasure can you expect in seeing ropes, dirty ropes, all smelling of pitch and tar?"

"The way of making them is very ingenious; and ropes are much more useful than china," replied Godfrey. "What paltry things are china cups and saucers, compared with ropes!—The nation, the royal navy, could not exist without ropes,—consider, Rosamond!"

"I have nothing to do with the royal navy," said Rosamond; "but I want to know how china tea-cups and saucers are made; they are useful every day,

and twice a day, and you do not think them such paltry things at breakfast, or tea time, Godfrey—consider, too, Godfrey——"

"Consider, Rosamond," whispered Laura, "that my father has just finished his gateway, and the five minutes are almost over—look at the minute hand of the watch—three minutes and a half are gone; if we do not agree and decide, we shall not go to see any of these things."

"And, *instead of a party of pleasure*, Rosamond," added her mother, "*it may turn out a party of pain*."

These words brought instantly to Rosamond's recollection the disagreeable day she had passed with the Masters and Miss Blissets, who had disputed about every trifle: she recollected, also, her own resolution never to imitate them: so, turning to her brother, she said, with a good-humoured smile—

"Well, Godfrey, Laura has given up her choice to please us, and I will give up my wish to please you, and we will all agree to go to the rope-walk."

"No, no, my dear Rosamond," said Godfrey; "no, no, my dear Laura, you shall not both give up your wishes to me; that would not be fair—let us draw lots."

"Here," said Godfrey, holding up three slips of paper, "draw one of these out of my hand, each of you; whoever has the longest, shall choose which way we shall go."

Laura drew the longest slip of paper; Godfrey and Rosamond smiled, and said she deserved it best, because she had been the most ready to yield.

"Laura has her wish, and we are both glad of it," said Rosamond; "and we agree, and are happy, mamma; we shall not dispute, like those foolish boys and girls, who turned pleasure into pain.

—I think, mamma, there is a sort of pleasant feeling in giving up, instead of disputing."

Her father smiled, and, holding out his hand to Rosamond, said

"That is right, my little girl—

'And trust me, dears, good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail.'"

Rosamond was in such a good humour with herself, that she doubly enjoyed every thing she saw and heard.

"My dear Godfrey, look at those honeysuckles in the hedge! did you ever see such fine honeysuckles?—and did you hear that bird?—I do believe it was a nightingale."

"No, it was only a robin; but a robin, when people are inclined to be pleased, sounds sweeter than a nightingale, when people are not disposed to be satisfied."

"Now, Laura, we are come within

sight of the castle, look out of this window—here—you can see it best," said Rosamond—"and do you know, Godfrey, you will see a drawbridge, and hear a gong?"

"Indeed!" said Godfrey—"then I do not regret the rope-walk."

When they arrived at the inn, their mother ordered dinner to be got ready as soon as possible; and they dined as quickly as they could, that they might have the more time to walk, and see the castle. Dinner finished, they walked to the castle. Godfrey's object was to see the drawbridge, and hear the gong—Rosamond's to run up and down the terrace, and to discover where the walks led to in the grounds—Laura wished particularly to have time to see the conservatory—and their father and mother desired to look, while it was yet light enough, at the architecture of the castle, and at several fine pictures, which were

in some of the rooms. Now it was impossible that each person's wish could be gratified at the same moment, without their separating; but by each yielding a little, and all being desirous to accommodate and give pleasure to one another, the pleasures of all were secured and increased. First they looked at the outside of the castle: Godfrey and Rosamond had never before seen a Gothic castle. Their father told them what was meant by Gothic architecture: and, as they passed through a gallery of prints, he showed them prints of Grecian and Roman buildings. Then he left them, and went to look at the pictures. Rosamond and Godfrey were too young to have much taste for paintings; but instead of being impatient, till their father and mother had finished examining the pictures, they amused themselves by looking at some prints of celebrated persons, with which one gallery was hung.

Presently their father and mother returned to the gallery, where they had left Godfrey and Rosamond; and said, that they were now ready to go back with Godfrey to the drawbridge. His father added, that he would show him how it was constructed, and how it was moved. In going there, Rosamond had a fine run upon the terrace, and Godfrey took a race with her; she, in return, had the complaisance to stand quite still, and to attend when he wanted her to look at the drawbridge. Then they went on to Laura's object, the conservatory. Godfrey had no great wish to go; for he said he hated to look at ugly plants, with long hard names, upon which some people seemed to set a great value, he did not know why; however, as Laura wished to see this conservatory, he would go with her; and he would not laugh at her, or call the plants wretched weeds, because she had

been so good-natured to him, as to stay in the gallery of prints, on purpose to tell him the names and histories of some of the celebrated portraits. He knew that Laura, all that time, would rather have been with her father and mother, looking at the paintings.

They had a pleasant walk through the park to the conservatory. This conservatory was not filled with ugly looking plants, with long, hard names. Some of the flowers and shrubs were so beautiful, both in form and colour, that they charmed even Godfrey; and he found so many of which he wished to speak, that it became rather convenient to him to know their names; instead of calling one the great red flower, or the little blue flower, or the beautiful white *thing*. There were so many red, blue, and white flowers, that without a more particular description, no one could, with their best endeavours, understand which

he meant; and to describe the whole flower or shrub accurately, every time he wanted to speak of it, was rather troublesome.

In this conservatory there were several plants which Rosamond and Godfrey had never before seen, and which they had often wished that they could see.

"O Godfrey! here is the tea tree, and here is the coffee tree! look here, with its beautiful scarlet berries! and the sago tree, Godfrey!"

"But, Rosamond, come this way!—make haste, run!"—cried Godfrey.

Rosamond ran, but when she came opposite to the plant, to which her brother was pointing, she stood still, disappointed.

"I see nothing, brother, that is pretty"

"No, but you see something that is useful; or, at least, that was very use-

ful formerly. This is the papyrus, papa says, or *paper rush*."

"Very likely," said Rosamond; "but I see nothing like paper, nor like a rush."

"It is not like the little rushes you have seen in the fields, Rosamond; but papa told me, that it is a kind of rush, and it grew originally on the banks of the Nile, in Egypt, you know."

"Yes, I know the Nile is a river in Egypt."

"And the Egyptians used to write all their books upon it, and all that they wrote; because they had no such paper as we use now."

"Very likely," said Rosamond; "but I cannot imagine what part of it they wrote upon, or how they wrote upon it."

"Papa told me all about it, and I will explain it to you, my dear. Look at this stem of the plant—look; it is composed of thin leaves, as it were, one over the

other It was on these they wrote; of these, when unfolded, that they made their sort of paper; they cut off the top of the plant, and the root, which were of no use; and, with a sharp knife, they separated these leaves or rinds of the stem, and flattened them, and put one over the other, crosswise; so that one leaf lay breadthwise, and the other lengthwise; and stuck them together with the muddy water of the Nile, or with a sort of paste; and then the leaves were dried, and pressed with heavy weights; and sometimes they were polished by rubbing them with a smooth stone.

"Rub as they would," said Rosamond, "they could never make it into such nice paper as ours——they could not make it white."

"No; but it was better than none. The Romans used to write upon it a great while after the Egyptians."

"And how could they write with a pen and ink upon this leafy paper?"

"They wrote with a hard sort of pencil, that made marks on the papyrus."

In return for all this information about the papyrus tree, which Godfrey was proud to be able to give her, Rosamond, with equal eagerness, told him all she had heard from her mother about the tea tree. She told him that the leaves are rolled up over hot plates and dried; and the Chinese people fan the leaves, with large fans, whilst they are drying. Rosamond was surprised, she said, at the difference between the leaf of the tree and the tea, which she saw every day put into the tea-pot; but she recollected having seen the leaves unrolled and unfolded in the hot water; and she and Godfrey determined to look at them more particularly this very evening. Laura next took them to look at the coffee tree, and the cacao tree.

From the nuts of the cacao tree, she told them, both cocoa and chocolate are made; "and the berries of the coffee tree, when roasted, make the coffee, of which you are so fond, Godfrey."

Godfrey was glad to see the coffee tree, and proud to tell Rosamond something more that he knew, or rather that he had heard about coffee, "that monks used to drink it to keep themselves awake; and that they had learned the knowledge of the power which coffee has to keep people awake, from a goatherd, or keeper of goats, who had observed, that whenever his goats browzed upon the leaves of the coffee tree, they became unusually wakeful."

Laura was considering whether this was likely to be true or not; and she was just going to ask, whether it was certain, that the leaves of the coffee tree have the same effect as the berries have, but she forgot her doubts and

her question; for the master gardener, who had the care of the conservatory, came towards them, and began to talk to Godfrey. Finding that these young people were intelligent and eager to acquire knowledge, he was, as he said, ready to give them any information in his power. Rosamond asked him where the coffee tree came from first.

He answered, that some travellers say, that it was originally found in Abyssinia; but that he believed it was first brought into Europe from Arabia; that the Turks drank it commonly long before it was known in Europe; and that it was first brought into France by some French gentlemen, who had been to Constantinople.

"Constantinople! that, you know, is the capital of Turkey," whispered Godfrey to Rosamond.

"I know that very well," said Rosamond.—"But, sir, how long is it

since coffee was first brought to England?"

"In the time of Charles the Second, miss."

Rosamond had not yet got so far as the reign of Charles the Second, in the English history; but Godfrey had read it, and he told her that it was about one hundred and fifty years ago.

Her father, who heard what was saying, told Rosamond, that, about forty years after coffee was brought to England, some magistrates of Amsterdam——"

"Amsterdam! that is the capital of Holland," said Rosamond.

"Some magistrates of Amsterdam had some coffee plants from berries, which had been originally procured from Mocha, in Arabia Felix——"

"Mocha!" interrupted Godfrey, "that is the reason some coffee is called Mocha coffee."

Rosamond looked back at Laura, as much as to say, "I do not know where Mocha or Arabia Felix is."

Laura whispered, "I will show you where they are, on the map of Asia, when we go home."

"And these Dutch magistrates," continued her father, "sent a present of a fine coffee tree, in full bearing, that is, with ripe fruit upon it, as a present to Louis the Fourteenth."——

Rosamond looked puzzled again.

"Lewis the Fourteenth, king of France," said Godfrey.

"From the berries of this tree, other coffee trees grew; and about four years afterwards, several young coffee trees were sent from France to Martinico, one of the West India Islands. The voyage was long, and the weather not favourable, and all the plants died except one. The people in the ship were at last reduced to such distress, for want

of water, that each person had only a very small quantity allowed to them every day. The gentleman to whom the coffee tree had been entrusted, divided his share of water every day into two parts, and he drank but one half of his allowance himself, and gave the other to the tree of which he had the charge. The tree was saved; he brought the plant, which had been committed to his care, safely to Martinico, where it grew and flourished; and from this one plant that whole island, and afterwards all the neighbouring West India Islands, were supplied."

Rosamond was delighted with this man's care of the tree, which had been entrusted to him; but her pleasure in hearing what her father told her was a little lessened, by the shame she felt at being ignorant at several things, which Godfrey knew very well, and which he seemed to think she ought to know.

However, when he saw what she was thinking of, he in a good-natured manner drew her to another part of the greenhouse, and whispered to her—

"It is very easy to learn all that, Rosamond; and I have a nice *wee-wee* history of England and of France, that I bought with my grandmother's crown, on purpose for you. I have them in papa's coach seat, and you shall have them as soon as we get to the inn. I can tell you they are bound in red morocco, and not much larger than mamma's little red pocket almanack; and they have prints — a great many prints!" *

It was now growing late and dusk in the evening, and they had time only to look at the sensitive plant—the mimosa—which they saw close and droop its leaves, when they touched the latter,

* Pictures of England, designed by Alfred Miles, printed for J. Harris.

or even approached them with their fingers. Laura wished to have stayed a little longer with the mimosa; but she knew that if she did, there would not be time for Godfrey to hear the gong sounded, which he and Rosamond very much wished to hear. So Laura, ever ready to give up her own wishes, for the sake of giving pleasure to her brother and sister, left the conservatory, and walked as fast as she could back to the castle, with Godfrey and Rosamond, who thanked her half the way as they went, and pronounced that "she was one of the most good-natured sisters that ever was born."

They heard the gong, till all but Godfrey said they had had enough of the sound.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "I am sure you are tired of hearing this loud noise.—Now, Godfrey, do not ask to have any more of it."

Godfrey stopped the hand of the man, who was going to strike the gong again.

"Mamma, how very different this party of pleasure has been from the *ill-humoured party*," said Rosamond: "we have all been good-humoured; have not we, mamma?—We have not disputed, nor wanted to have every thing our own way. I am sure, if those quarrelsome children—you know whom I mean, mamma—had been with us, they would have quarrelled about every trifle; and they would have spoiled the pleasure of seeing the castle, and the drawbridge, and the tea tree, and the cacao tree, and the coffee tree, and the gong, just as they spoiled the pleasure of going on the water, and hearing the music.—Ours has been really a party of pleasure, mamma.—A happy party!—Good night, mamma."

As Rosamond was going out of the room, she heard her father say to her

mother—"How easy it is to entertain children, who are good-tempered, and who have some taste for knowledge; and how difficult it is to make children happy, who are ill-humoured, and who have no taste for any thing but eating and drinking, and *idling:* with such children, it is impossible to have a happy party."

WONDERS.

"ROSAMOND, if you are sleepy, you had better go to bed," said her mother to Rosamond, who was yawning and stretching herself one morning soon after breakfast.

"To bed! mamma, at this time!—Oh no; I am not sleepy; I am only tired."

"Tired of what, Rosamond?"

"I do not know, really, ma'am, what makes me feel so very much tired, as I certainly do this morning. I suppose it must be my journey yesterday and the day before."

"But you were not tired last night, nor the day before yesterday, though you had been travelling, and walking, and running, and taking a great deal of exercise."

"That is true, ma'am.—But one does not feel tired, just at the time

always—sometimes one feels tired afterwards."

"How happens it, that Laura and I are not tired, nor your father, nor your brother? The journey was the same for all of us—Are you ill, Rosamond?"

"Not that I know of, mamma—Why should you think that I am ill?"

"Because you seem not able to do any thing. You have done nothing but lounge from window to window, from table to table, leaning on both your elbows, and yawning, this half hour."

"I suppose I must be ill—I do not know what is the matter with me, mamma—I am so very—very—"

"Lazy."

"No, not lazy, mamma."

"Idle, then."

"Because I have nothing to do, mamma."

"Have not you all your usual employments, Rosamond?"

"Employments, mamma!—What!—

You mean that I have not done my sum, or read French or English, or written. No, ma'am — but then I meant——"

"You meant, perhaps, that you have nothing that you like to do."

"That is just the thing, mamma."

"But you used to like all these employments, Rosamond."

"So I did, mamma, and so I do," added Rosamond, yawning again as she spoke.

"So it seems, Rosamond."

"I do really, ma'am—only just this morning—I do not like to set about to do any thing; and I do not know why every thing seems dull."

"Shall I tell you why, Rosamond?"

"If you please—if you can, mamma—and if you are not going to say that it is all my own fault."

"I am not going to say that it is all your fault, Rosamond — it is partly mine, and partly nobody's."

"Well! my dear mother, begin with the part that is nobody's fault, and then tell your part, and, last of all, mine, if you please."

"After having been unusually entertained and interested, it is natural, Rosamond, to every human creature, as well as to you, to feel as you do now—weary, you do not know why—not inclined to like your common employments—and unwilling to exert yourself."

"But this is no fault of mine, mamma, you say."

"The feeling is no fault, my dear; but not trying to conquer it would be a fault, and the punishment would be——"

"O, mamma, before we go to that, interrupted Rosamond, "tell me the next part, which you said was your fault."

"It was my fault, Rosamond, I believe, that I gave you too much entertainment for some days past. You had

so much amusement when you were at Mrs. Egerton's, and when you were travelling with us, that it has made home and your common employments seem dull and tiresome to you; and since I find this to be the case, I must take care not to let it happen again; for you know, my little daughter, I must not make you discontented with home, where you are to live; and I must not disgust you with your common employments, else you would never do or learn what is useful; and you would grow up a helpless, ignorant, wretched creature."

"Instead of growing up to be like Laura," said Rosamond.—"Mamma, I will not yawn any more, I will conquer my laziness, or idleness, whichever it is, and I will do something useful, as Laura does; and I know, mamma, that when I have done *my little duties*, as you call them, I shall feel better satis-

fied. I recollect my old *day of misfortunes*, mamma, when I was a little child—I remember how much better pleased I was after I had conquered myself—so no more yawning—Laura, will you mend a pen for me?—Mamma, will you set me a sum?—a difficult sum, you may, ma'am—Now for it in earnest!"

In earnest Rosamond set about her little duties, and in time accomplished them all, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having conquered her inclination to idleness, and of having earned her mother's and her own approbation.

It was a rainy day, and as Rosamond could not go out, Laura, with her usual good-nature, complied with her request to play at battledore and shuttlecock with her. But this could not last all day; before the morning was over, Rosamond began to feel some returns

of her old complaint, and another fit of yawning came on.

"Because, mamma," said she, "Godfrey has been so long at his Latin lessons, or in the workshop with his tools—May I go and see whether he can come now and swing me?"

"You may go, if you please, my dear; but you know that your brother said, that he would come as soon as he could."

Rosamond went, nevertheless, and returned with a disappointed countenance. "He cannot swing me yet, mamma—he has something to do first."

"I am sorry for it, my dear,—no—I mean, that I am sorry you have nothing to do."

"O mamma! if I had but the India cabinet here!—some of these curiosities, and wonderful things, and animals from other countries, then I should have amusement enough, this rainy day."

"Rosamond, though there is no India cabinet here, and no wonderful things from other countries, yet there are, even in this room, many curious things, and wonderful animals, with which you are not acquainted, which might afford you amusement enough this rainy day."

"Curious things! where are they, mamma?" said Rosamond, looking round—"there's nothing new in the room—nothing but what I have seen a hundred times—wonderful animals!—mamma, there is not an animal in the room, but you, and Laura, and myself."

"Look again, Rosamond."

Rosamond looked under the sofas, and under the tables and under her mother's gown, and under Laura's.

"Mamma, I have looked again, and there is no animal of any kind; not a dog, nor a cat, nor even a mouse, ma'am."

"And there are no animals but dogs, and cats, and mice?"

Rosamond saw Laura smile, and look towards the window.

"Ah, fly! Oh, I see what you mean now, mamma: a fly is an animal to be sure; but what is there wonderful in a fly?"

"There are more wonders in a fly's wing, a fly's eye, a fly's foot, little as you may think of a fly, Rosamond, than you could comprehend, or I explain in a whole day."

"Indeed, ma'am!" said Rosamond, looking at the fly with an incredulous countenance. Come upon my finger, fly," added she, going to the window, and holding her finger for the fly to walk upon—"There! walk upon my hand, and let me look at you."

"You may look at him, yet without seeing all the wonders I speak of, Rosamond."

"Why, mamma, how did other people see them? and have not I eyes, mamma, and good ones, as you sometimes say?"

"You have, my dear; but, however good they may be, they cannot see as much as eyes can with certain helps."

"Spectacles! mamma, do you mean? Do you know," said Rosamond, "I never could see well with spectacles in my life."

"Very likely, my dear; but I am not speaking or thinking of spectacles."

"What can you be thinking of, then, mamma?—O, what papa has in the study——A—a——What is it? for you know, Laura."

"A microscope do you mean?"

"Yes, a microscope, a solar microscope: I will run and ask papa this minute to lend it to me," cried Rosamond.

"Stay, Rosamond: he is busy, pro-

bably, and cannot give up his time to fix it for you."

"But papa is so very good!—I dare say he will, mamma, if he is not *terribly* busy—just let me run and ask him, mamma."

"Listen to me, and shut the door—there is not sunshine enough to-day for the solar microscope."

"Solar! ay, I remember Godfrey's telling me *solar* is *of or belonging to the sun*."

"It is a pity it is a rainy day," continued Rosamond; "but a gleam of sun came out just now: perhaps it will peep out again."

"In the mean time," said Laura, "if you like it, I can show you, Rosamond, some of *the wonders of the microscope*, the pictures of some of the things and insects that have been seen magnified in a solar microscope."

"Yes, do, pray, Laura; you are al-

ways so good! and you know where every thing is."

Laura took down from its shelf a thin folio book.

"What book is it?—what is its name?"

"It is a long name, which, perhaps, you will not be able to pronounce; but though it has a hard name, the book is easy to understand," said Laura: "I used to love looking at it when I was your age, and I love it still."

"But what is its name?" said Rosamond, looking at the back. "Hook's Microg."

"The name is not all printed on the back; look at the title page," said Laura, "the first page, you know—here it is—I will read it for you—'Hook's Micrographia Restaurata; or, the copper plates of Dr. Hook's wonderful discoveries by the microscope *reprinted*——'"

"I don't care for that," interrupted Rosamond; "miss about *reprinted*—"

"'And fully explained.'"

"Ha! fully explained! I am glad of that, particularly if it is true," said Rosamond. "Now for the pictures."

"Prints they are—Here is the print of the sort of fly you were looking at just now—a bluebottle fly."

"But, my dear Laura! this cannot be meant for the picture of a fly, or print of a fly—for it is almost as large as a bird, as a robin—look, mamma!"

"The fly was magnified, that is, made to look large by the magnifying glasses in the microscope, in which it was seen," said her mother.

"But, ma'am, you have a magnifying glass, now I recollect—Will you lend it to me for one minute?"

Her mother unlocked her writing desk, lent Rosamond a magnifying

glass, and she immediately ran to the window and caught the fly.

"It won't stand still, ma'am, for me to look at him—there, now he is quite still—his wing; I see all the parts of it so plainly; and it is like thin gauze, or like the skeleton of a leaf, which I saw yesterday on the walk; or like——and his head and eyes——O, I saw his eyes ——But his head looks only about three times as large as his real head, ma'am—And the whole fly, now I see it altogether, seems only about three times as large as it is in reality—nothing like the size of the fly there in the book ——I am afraid the man who wrote that book, did not tell truth, Laura—— What do you think, mamma? What can be the reason, that I do not see this fly as large as he says he saw it with a magnifying glass?"

"My dear, you have not the same magnifying glass which he had." Her

mother then told her, that with different glasses objects appear of different sizes. Rosamond next wanted to know how it happens that one bit of glass, which looks much the same, she said, as another bit of glass, can have such different effects; and, in short, she wished to know how glasses magnify. — Her mother told her, that she could not explain this to her.

"Can papa, ma'am."

"Not till you know more than you do now, my dear."

"Then, for the present, I had better go on looking at these prints," said Rosamond, seating herself comfortably to examine them. She read the titles, as she turned over the leaves; and every now and then stopped to look at something that caught her attention in the descriptions of the prints—"'foot of a fly—three joints—little claws, which it clasps about things as it walks.' I

have often wondered how it walked on smooth glass. Mamma, it could not walk, if the glass was quite smooth; but there are bits of dirt and roughnesses on the glass, which we do not see, into which, or round which, it sticks its little talons. What comes next?—

"'Tufted, or brush-horned gnat.'—What a beautiful tuft he has on his head!—But, troublesome creature! how often he has teased me, when I have been going to sleep: and how he stings!"

Rosamond was silent for a minute, and then resumed—

"Mamma, do you know, this man says that he has four darts."

"Who! has four darts?"

"The gnat, ma'am, has four darts, in a kind of sheath under his throat, and he can push them out or draw them in, as he pleases—to sting us or not—barbed dart—Mamma, what is a *barbed* dart?"

Laura drew, for Rosamond, the shape of a barbed dart; and then she saw why it must hurt any one to draw it out.

Rosamond went on turning over the leaves.

"'Piece of a stinging nettle'—Mercy! what sharp spikes. Laura, my dear, do you know how a nettle stings? I can tell you—this man says, that there is a poisonous juice at the bottom of each spike, and that this is pressed out when we squeeze the spikes down.

"'Sting of a bee,'——Bag of poison, too, at bottom—same way—not quite ——'Wild oat beard; clothworm; wandering mite; cheese mite'——O cheese mite!—what a curious mite you are;——'poppy seeds; pansy seeds; moss; fine muslin; silk-worms—way to rear them'——O, delightful —— 'flakes of snow'——This Doctor Hook caught flakes of snow on a black hat, and watched their shape when melting

—I could do that on Godfrey's hat, as well as any doctor; and I will, the next time it snows——' hunting spider——' "

"My dear Rosamond, at the rate you go on you will have such a confusion of hunting spiders, flakes of snow, silk-worms, pansy seeds, cheese mites, stings of bees, stings of nettles, stings of gnats, and feet of flies, that you will know nothing, and remember nothing distinctly."

"True, mamma—One thing at a time, as papa says; so I will stick to the hunting spider——or, mamma, suppose —— the stings of bees, or cheese mites?"

"Whichever—whatever you please, my dear; but now let me read, and you read to yourself."

"Yes, mamma—only just this bit about the hunting spider. Ma'am, in the first place you must know, 'it is a

small gray spider, with spots of black over its whole body; which are found, by the microscope, to be made up of feathers like those on the wings of butterflies' —— feathers, mamma, on a spider's back!——'It runs sometimes very nimbly, and at other times jumps, like a grasshopper, and turns round so quickly, that it seems to face every way: it has six eyes; two in front, looking directly forwards; two by the side of these, pointing both forwards and sideways; and two others, on the middle of the back, which are the largest of all, and look backwards, and sideways: they are all black.'"

"Very well; now have you done, my dear Rosamond?"

"Oh, no, my dear ma'am: I was only just beginning—I was only telling you what sort of a creature this spider is, that you might know before I go on."

"But I have known all this a great while ago, my dear."

"But, mamma, you do not know what is coming—just listen one minute more, mamma. 'Mr. Evelyn'—you do not know Mr. Evelyn, do you, ma'am?—no—that is lucky. Well, 'Mr. Evelyn says, he observed a spider, at Rome, which, espying a fly, at three or four yards' distance, upon the balcony where he stood, would not make directly to her, but crawled underneath the rail, till, being got exactly against her, it would steal up, and, springing on her, seldom miss its aim. If the fly happened not to be within its leap, the spider would move towards her so softly, that the motion of the shadow on the dial is scarcely more imperceptible.'"

"You need not go to Rome to see all this, my dear Rosamond," said her mother; "you may if you observe——"

"Yes, ma'am," interrupted Rosamond; "but there is something more coming. May I go on, mamma?"

Her mother gave her leave to go on.

"You conquered your inclination to be idle, to-day, Rosamond; and, to reward you, I willingly give up a little time to hear you read, what you wish me to hear about this fly and the spider."

"Thank you, mamma." Rosamond went on instantly:—

"'If the fly moved, the spider would move also, in the same proportion, either forwards, or backwards, or on either side, without turning its body at all, keeping the same just time with the fly's motion as if the same soul animated the bodies of them both; but if the fly took wing, and pitched, upon some other place, behind the spider, it would whirl its body round with all imaginable swiftness, pointing its head at last towards the fly. Having got

near it by such indiscernible approaches, it would then make a leap, swift as lightning, upon the fly, and, catching him by the pole—

"The pole!—What is meant by the pole, mamma?"

"The head."

"'Never afterwards quits its hold, till'——poor fly!——the spider eats it up, ma'am; or, at least, 'eats as much as he can eat, and carries the rest home'——Ha! just what you told me, mamma," said Rosamond, as she turned over the leaf. "You told me I need not go to Rome, or to Mr. Evelyn, to see such things.

"'These spiders are to be found with us, on garden walls, in the spring, when the weather is very hot.'

"And here is an account of different sorts of spiders, that weave nets—make cobwebs——"

"Nay, nay, Rosamond, I did not un-

dertake to hear of all the different sorts of spiders," said her mother. "Now take the book away."

"Well, I will just finish it to you, Laura, my dear," said Rosamond, carrying the great book to Laura; and, leaning it on her shoulder, she went on reading—

"'Spiders that make webs ——' Laura, do you know that cobwebs are made of a gummy liquor, that comes out of the spider's body, which *adheres* (that means *sticks*, does not it?) to anything it is pressed against, and, being drawn out, hardens instantly in the air, becoming a string, or thread, strong enough to bear five or six times the spider's body, and yet of an amazing fineness?"

"How curious!—How entertaining this is," said Rosamond. "Mamma might well tell me that, though we have no *India cabinet*, I might find curious

and wonderful things enough, even in the commonest little insects, *spiders* and flies, ants and bees—and the commonest vegetables, too; the nettle you recollect —and mould—Look at this picture of mould: it is like mushrooms—even mould, such as I saw to-day, on the paste we threw away, Laura, appears to me now as wonderful as anything I saw in the India cabinet."

Here Rosamond was interrupted in her speech by the entrance of her brother Godfrey, who came to summon her to the swing.

THE MICROSCOPE.

ONE fine morning, Rosamond had a difficult, or what appeared to her a difficult, sum in division to do. She had made a mistake in it, and had just wiped away a tear, and rubbed out half what she called *a long ladder of figures*, when she heard Godfrey's voice at the window, calling to her—

"Rosamond! Rosamond, come out! Come here!"

She ran to the window, and saw Godfrey with a green helmet of rushes on his head, holding another in his hand, on the top of a spear; and he had a bow and arrow slung across his shoulders.

"Come, Rosamond, come directly; here is your helmet, that I have made for you; and here's a bow and arrow for you; I am to be Aurelian, the

Roman emperor, and you shall be Zenobia, queen of the east."

"Yes," said Rosamond; "when I have done my sum in division."

"When you have done what? I don't hear you."

Rosamond held up her slate, to show him what she was about.

"O, is that the thing? Have not you done your sum yet? How can you be so long doing your sum?"

"Very easily," said Rosamond, sorrowfully; "because it is a very difficult sum."

"Difficult!—Nonsense; I do sums ten times as difficult every day. I am sure I could do it in five minutes."

"I dare say you could," said Rosamond, sighing; "but, you know, you are so much older."

"Well, make haste," said Godfrey; "you'll find me on the field of battle at the bottom of the hill."

"Very well—the nines in forty-nine will go how many times?" said Rosamond, to herself, trying to withdraw her attention from the sight of Godfrey, who was running down the hill, brandishing his spear. Suddenly he turned about, and came back to the window.

"Rosamond, pray, did mamma desire you to finish that sum before you went out?"

"No: she did not quite desire it; but I believe I ought to do it."

"But, if she did not *desire* it, come out, and you can finish the sum afterwards."

"When?"

"Any time in the day. Surely, in the course of the day, you can find time to do it."

"But, if I once go out with you, and begin being Zenobia, queen of the east, I shall forget ever to come in to finish my sum——No—I will stay and finish it now."

"That is right, Rosamond," said Laura, who was at the other end of the room; but who now came to the window to Rosamond's assistance. "You will soon have finished it, Rosamond; then you will have done all you ought to do, and then you can be queen of the east, as long as you please."

"In peace and comfort," said Rosamond. "The nines in forty-nine will go———"

"Are you still at the nines in forty-nine?" cried Godfrey.

"Yes; because you interrupted her," said Laura.

"Will you come or will you not, Rosamond?" said Godfrey.

Rosamond looked at Laura; then at the helmet; and then at Laura again.

"No, brother; I will do this first: because I ought."

"That's right, Rosamond," said Laura.

The emperor of the Romans whistled

and walked away. Rosamond was afraid that he was angry with her; but Laura, who saw what passed in her thoughts, said—

"Never mind that, my dear Rosamond; you are in the right."

Rosamond fixed her attention, with difficulty, upon her slate; answered the question she had asked herself so often, about the nines in forty-nine; and completed the sum in long division.

"Now, all is right, I hope," said she.

Laura looked at it, and Rosamond watched her face.

"I know by your smile, Laura, that all is right," said Rosamond.

"Quite right," said Laura.

Scarcely had the words passed Laura's lips, when Rosamond seized her bonnet, threw open the glass door, which led to the lawn, and ran down the hill to the field of battle.

How happy she was, as queen of the

east, with her helmet of rushes, and her bow of sallow, is not to be told, but may be guessed, by her continuing two whole hours untired of the war, with the still more indefatigable emperor of Rome. At last, as they halted for a moment, breathless, their lengthened shadows reminded them of the time of day; and now, as the emperor had been severely wounded, in searching among the brambles for his last arrow, and the queen of the east was likewise hopeless of hers, which had been shot into the long grass, a truce was agreed upon for this day: they hung their bows under the beech tree, laid aside their helmets, resumed the hat and bonnet, and Godfrey and Rosamond were themselves again.

In the mean time, at home new pleasures were preparing for Rosamond. Laura, having given her mother a full and true account of Rosamond's heroic

resolution, to finish her long sum in division, in spite of all temptations to the contrary; her mother was pleased to have this opportunity of bestowing upon her a mark of approbation. When Rosamond went into her room to dress, she found lying on her table, two little books, in which her name was written.

"'On the Microscope,' my dear Laura!—The very thing I wished for, when I heard mamma read the title in the newspaper, the other day; and the very thing Godfrey wished for."

The moment she was dressed—and she was dressed this day with singular expedition—she ran to thank her mother for the books, and then to show them to Godfrey.

Godfrey opened the first volume and read—

"'Microscope described; its uses; magnifying glasses; discoveries made by'——I shall like, I believe, to read

this."—Then turning to another chapter —" 'Principle of the telescope; refraction; limits of distinct vision; principle of concave lenses explained.'*

"But, my dear Rosamond, did my mother give this to you? You can no more understand this than you can fly."

"I know that, brother," replied Rosamond, looking a little mortified; "but mamma did give *me* the books, and she told me where to begin—here, at 'poppy seeds' and 'the blessed thistle,' which I can understand, as well as any body; and whatever I do not understand, I need not read yet—Look at these prints; here are all my old friends, the spiders, and beetles, and caterpillars, and gnats."

"So I see," said Godfrey; "and while you are busy with those in the second volume, you can lend me the

* Dialogues on the Microscope, by the Rev. J. Joyce.

first, because I shall begin at the beginning, for I can understand about the laws of vision and refraction."

"Do not be too sure of that," said Rosamond, nodding her head; "for I can tell you, mamma said she was not sure that even *you* could understand all *that* without a great deal of help and explanation from papa."

"We shall see," said Godfrey.

He sat down and began at the beginning, whilst Rosamond looked first at the prints of the spiders and caterpillars.

"But, Godfrey," resumed she, after being silent a few minutes, "I forgot to tell you, why mamma gave me these nice books. It was because I stayed, with so much resolution, to do my DUTY this morning—to finish my long sum, instead of going out with you, first, to be queen of the east."

"'RESOLUTION! DUTY!'" repeated

Godfrey. "What a fine emphasis, Rosamond! as if it was such a grand duty —such a great exploit!"

"Grand or not, it was my duty, and I did it," said Rosamond; "and Laura and mamma said I was right, and I know I was right."

"I do not say you were wrong, but I do not see the great resolution."

"No, not *great* resolution, may be; but great for me, for a little girl, like me."

"That makes a difference, to be sure," said Godfrey. "Well! I grant you *great* for *you*."

Not quite satisfied with Godfrey's manner of granting this, Rosamond could not refrain from praising herself a little more—Half talking to herself, she went on—

"Mamma, I know, says—and Laura says, too—that I am learning to have a great deal of resolution, and prudence,

too; for now I always—almost always—think as mamma advises, and as Laura does, of the future; and I always, that is, generally, prefer the great future pleasure, to the little present pleasure."

"You would give me a little present pleasure, if you would hold your tongue, Rosamond," said Godfrey.

The dinner bell rang at this moment, just when Rosamond's colour was rising, and when the words, "Godfrey, you are very provoking," were going to be said. They were not said, and Rosamond was glad of it; she resolved not to be provoked—A wise resolution, in which a good dinner, as Godfrey observed, much strengthened her.

In the course of the evening, however, something led to a renewal of the conversation. Laura was in the room, when the dispute began; but she was playing on the piano forte, and singing: so that she did not hear what was going

on. Presently, Rosamond came and stood at her elbow, silent and still. As soon as she had finished the lesson she was playing, Laura began the accompaniment of

"Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh!——merrily, oh!"

"Come, Rosamond, we can sing this together—Begin."

But Rosamond could not begin—she was in no condition for singing—she could not command her voice—she struggled, and struggled in vain, and at last burst into tears. Laura, surprised, stopped playing.

"What is the matter, my dear Rosamond?" said she.

"Oh!——Because——because," said Rosamond, sobbing, "because Godfrey says, that it is all selfishness——"

Laura wiped the tears from Rosamond's eyes, and waited till her sobs and

indignation would allow her to give a clearer account of the matter.

"He says——He thinks——that all my prudence is selfishness."

"No, no," cried Godfrey; "I only said—Where's the generosity, Rosamond?"

"Yes; but you said, that all that about giving up a present pleasure, Godfrey, for a greater future pleasure was not generous."

"Well, so I did; and I say it again—Where's the generosity, Rosamond, of choosing for yourself the greatest of two pleasures?—You can't call that generous."

"There now!—Do you hear *that*, Laura?" said Rosamond, and her tears recommenced.

"I hear it," said Laura; "but I do not know why it should make you cry so, my dear Rosamond."

"I only know it does make me——

make me——make me very——very unhappy; because, if mamma tells me one thing is right, and Godfreys tells me another, I don't know what is right, and what is wrong, and I don't know what to do: for I thought it was right to be prudent, and mamma said so; and now Godfrey says it is not generous."

"But don't cry so, Rosamond," said Laura; "he did not say *you* are not generous, did he?"

"He did not say that, quite; but he said, that, if I go on so, he thinks I shall become selfish."

"And so I do," said Godfrey.

"If she goes on how, Godfrey?" said Laura.

"If she goes on always, as she has learnt to do lately, considering, and calculating only how she is to secure, upon every occasion, the greatest quantity of pleasure; in short, how she is to make herself the happiest--I say, that may

be very prudent, but it is not generous —it is all selfishness."

"There!—there!—Now do you hear him?" cried Rosamond.

"But we will all try, and ought to try, to make ourselves as happy as we can, without hurting any body else," said Laura coolly—"You may say, that the wisest and best person in the world is selfish, at that rate. And the most generous persons have pleasure, I suppose, in being generous—it makes them happy, or they would not be generous; so far, they look forward to their own pleasure. But if you call this being *selfish*, it is only making a wrong use of the word."

"Oh! that is very fine," said Godfrey; "but we all know what is meant by generosity; and people that are generous, are never calculating and weighing about their own happiness—they are ready to give up their own pleasures to

others. And I repeat it," added he, partly, perhaps, for the pleasure of teazing Rosamond, and partly for the sake of persisting in his first assertion—"if Rosamond goes on, as she is going on now, I think she *will* become selfish."

Godfrey was called away at this moment by his father.

"He is not in earnest, I am sure," said Laura, as he left the room; "he is only trying your temper, Rosamond."

"It is so unjust!" said Rosamond. "Selfish! —— He forgets about the India cabinet, for instance; that I put off, for three long days, the little present pleasure of seeing it by myself, for the greater pleasure of seeing it afterwards, with him and you——was that selfish ——was that selfishness?"

"No, indeed, it was not," said Laura; "but I am glad you did not put him in mind of that, just now—One should

never reproach any body with any kind thing we have done for them."

"No, I did not mean to reproach, but only to put him in mind—to convince him, you know."

"Better wait till another time," said Laura.

"But, Laura, you don't think, then, that I am *going the way* to become selfish?"

"No, indeed, my dear Rosamond, I do not, said Laura; for the more you practise, even in the least things, the sort of resolution you showed this morning, the more, I think, you would have resolution to be really generous: that is, to give up your own pleasures for other people."

"You think so!——I am so glad *you* think so," said Rosamond, wiping away her tears; "and, perhaps," continued she, her whole face brightening as she spoke, "perhaps, Laura, some time or

other I shall make Godfrey think so too."

"I dare say you will," said Laura; "Godfrey is very candid, and he has amused himself with trying your temper; yet, when he is convinced he is wrong, I am sure he will acknowledge it."

"O Laura! you are what mamma calls you—*the peacemaker*," said Rosamond. "Now I am ready to sing with you,

'Merrily every bosom boundeth.'"

It was not long before Rosamond had an opportunity of convincing her brother Godfrey, that she was not in any danger of becoming selfish; and that her practising prudence had not diminished her desire to be generous, but, on the contrary, had increased her resolution to make those sacrifices of present to future pleasure, without which no one can be really generous.

Godfrey, after reading the account of

the microscope, in Rosamond's little book, was seized with an ardent desire to have a microscope of his own. His father had a small pocket microscope in a case, which usually stood upon the mantel-piece in his study. This was exactly the sort of thing for which Godfrey wished.

One day, when he had been examining it for some time in silence, his father said that he would give him this microscope, if Godfrey would do a laborious job, which he much wanted to have done immediately.

"O father, what is it," cried Godfrey—"I will do it with pleasure."

"And I shall give it to you to do with pleasure," said his father; "because it will not only save me some trouble, but do you some good—it will improve your handwriting, and, perhaps, it may increase your habits of order and patience."

"But what is it, sir?" said Godfrey.

"It will, perhaps, cost you a week's hard labour," said his father.

"I hope I shall be able to bear it, sir," replied Godfrey, laughing—"But pray tell me what it is, father."

"Did you see the two large packing cases?"

"Which came down this morning, for you, by the waggon?—Yes; and I wondered what was in them."

"Your uncle's library, which must be unpacked, and put up in the new book-cases, in my study."

"And is this the job I am to do? I am glad of it. I shall like to do it very much," said Godfrey.

"But you are to write a catalogue; an alphabetical catalogue of all the books; and arrange them under the heads history, poetry, miscellaneous, according to the titles of the book-cases."

The writing the catalogue was a task

which Godfrey did not much like, for he had not yet learned to write quickly and well.

"May I have anybody to help me, sir?"

"Yes, your sisters, Laura and Rosamond, if you can persuade them to help you: no one else."

It proved a more laborious and tedious undertaking than Godfrey had foreseen. He applied to Laura and Rosamond for assistance. And it was now that Rosamond had an opportunity of showing him her readiness to give up her own pleasure to serve him. Every day, for a whole week—and a week is a long time at Rosamond's age—she worked hard, reading the names of the books to him, as he was making his catalogue; then arranging the volumes ready for Laura, and at last carrying them for Laura and Godfrey to put up.—Hard, tiresome work! And it was fine

weather, and her father and mother took pleasant walks every evening, and Rosamond loved to walk with them: but every evening, when her mother asked if Rosamond would come with them, or stay to help her brother, she chose to stay to help her brother.

Godfrey said nothing, but he felt a good deal—he felt how unjust he had been; and he loved Rosamond for never reproaching him, and for showing such good temper, as well as generosity. The catalogue was at last finished; the books were arranged on their shelves. Godfrey announced to his father that he had completed his undertaking, and presented to him the catalogue. His father examined it, saw that it was well done, and put the microscope into Godfrey's hands, telling him that he had well earned it, and that he was glad he had so soon accomplished his business.

"Father, I should not have finished

it this month—I think I should never have got through it—without the help of Laura and Rosamond——"

"And, Rosamond," said he, turning to her with tears in his eyes, which he tried to prevent from coming into them, but could not; "I am sure you have done more for me than I deserved. I acknowledge I was unjust, and you are not selfish."

"O Laura," cried Rosamond, "do you hear that?"

"And if you forgive me, Rosamond, will you accept, from me, of this microscope?"

"No, Godfrey, I cannot," said Rosamond, putting both her hands behind her. "I don't mean that I cannot forgive you, for that I do with all my heart, and did long ago; but I cannot take the microscope."

[Rosamond, a sequel to the foregoing Tale, is published in Two Vols., and

contains the History of Rosamond, until her 14th year.]

THE END.

C. BALDWIN, PRINTER, NEW BRIDGE-STREET, LONDON.

THE

CHERRY ORCHARD.

MARIANNE was a little girl of about eight years old; she was remarkably good-tempered; she could bear to be disappointed, or to be contradicted, or to be blamed, without looking or feeling peevish or sullen or angry. Her parents, and her school-mistress and companions, all loved her because she was obedient and obliging.

Marianne had a cousin, a year younger than herself, named Owen, who was an ill-tempered boy; almost every day he was crying, or pouting, or in a passion about some trifle or other: he was neither obedient nor obliging.

His playfellows could not love him, for he was continually quarrelling with them; he would never, either when he was at play or at work, do what they wished; but he always tried to force them to yield to his will and his humour.

One fine summer's morning, Marianne and Owen were setting out, with several of their little companions, to school. It was a walk of about a mile, from the town in which their fathers and mothers lived, to the school-house, if they went by the high-road; but there was another way, through a lane, which was a quarter of a mile shorter.

Marianne, and most of the children, liked to go by the lane, because they could gather the pretty flowers, which grew on the banks and in the hedges; but Owen preferred going by the high-road, because he liked to see the carts

and carriages, and horsemen, which usually were seen upon this road.

Just when they were setting out, Owen called to Marianne, who was turning into the lane.

"Marianne," said he, "you must not go by the lane to-day; you must go by the road."

'Why must I not go by the lane to-day?" said Marianne; "you know yesterday and the day before, and the day before that, we all went by the high-road, only to please you; and now let us go by the lane, because we want to ather some honeysuckles and dog-roses, to fill our dame's flower-pots."

"I don't care for that; I don't want to fill our dame's flower-pots; I don't want to gather honeysuckles and dog-roses; I want to see the coaches and

chaises on the road; and you *must* go my way, Marianne."

"*Must!* Oh, you should not say *must*," replied Marianne, in a gentle tone.

"No, indeed," cried one of her companions, "you should not; nor should you look so cross: that is not the way to make us do what you like."

"And besides," said another, "what right has he always to make us do as he pleases? He never will do any thing that we wish."

Owen grew quite angry, when he heard this; and he was just going to make some sharp answer, when Marianne, who was good-natured, and always endeavoured to prevent quarrels, said, "Let us do what he asks this once; and I dare say he will do what we please

the next time.—We will go by the high-road to school, and we can come back by the lane in the cool of the evening."

To please Marianne, whom they all loved, they agreed to this proposal. They went by the high-road; but Owen was not satisfied, because he saw that his companions did not comply for his sake; and as he walked on, he began to kick up the dust with his feet, saying, "I am sure it is much pleasanter here than in the lane; I wish we were to come back this way—I'm sure it is much pleasanter here than in the lane; is it not, Marianne?"

Marianne could not say that she thought so.

Owen kicked up the dust more and more.

"Do not make such a dust, dear Owen," said she; "look how you have

covered my shoes and my clean stockings with dust."

"Then say it is pleasanter here than in the lane. I shall go on making this dust till you say that."

"I cannot say that because I do not think so, Owen."

"I'll make you think so, and say so too."

"You are not taking the right way to make me think so: you know that I cannot think this dust agreeable."

Owen persisted; and he raised continually a fresh cloud of dust, in spite of all that Marianne or his companions could say to him. They left him, and went to the opposite side of the road; but wherever they went he pursued. At length they came to a turnpike-gate, on one side of which there was a turnstile; Marianne and the rest of the

children passed, one by one, tnrough the turnstile, whilst Owen was emptying his shoes of dust. When this was done, he looked up, and saw all his companions on the other side of the gate, holding the turnstile, to prevent him from coming through.

"Let me through, let me through," cried he; "I must and will come through."

"No, no, Owen," said they, "*must* will not do now; we have you safe; here are ten of us; and we will not let you come through till you have promised that you will not make any more dust."

Owen, without making any answer, began to kick, and push, and pull, and struggle with all his might; but in vain he struggled, pulled, pushed, and kicked; he found that ten people are stronger

than one. When he felt he could not conquer them by force, he began to cry; and he roared as loud as he possibly could.

No one but the turnpike-man was within hearing; and he stood laughing at Owen.

Owen tried to climb the gate: but he could not get over it, because there were iron spikes at the top.

"Only promise that you will not kick up the dust, and they will let you through," said Marianne.

Owen made no answer, but continued to struggle till his whole face was scarlet, and till both his wrists ached: he could not move the turnstile an inch.

"Well," said he, stopping short, "now you are all of you joined together, you are stronger than I; but I am as cunning as you."

He left the stile, and began to walk homewards.

"Where are you going? You will be too late at school, if you turn back and go by the lane," said Marianne.

"I know that very well: but that will be your fault and not mine—I shall tell our dame, that you all of you held the turnstile against me, and would not let me through."

"And we shall tell our dame why we held the turnstile against you," replied one of the children; "and then it will be plain that it was your fault."

Perhaps Owen did not hear this; for he was now at some distance from the gate. Presently he heard some one running after him,—it was Marianne.

"Oh, I am so much out of breath with running after you!—I can hardly speak!—But I am come back," said

this good-natured girl, "to tell you, that you will be sorry if you do not come with us; for there is something that you like very much, just at the turn of the road, a little beyond the turnpike-gate."

"Something that I like very much! —What can that be?"

"Come with *me*, and you shall *see*," said Marianne: "that is both rhyme and reason—Come with *me*, and you shall *see*."

She looked so good-humoured, as she smiled and nodded at him, that he could not be sullen any longer.

"I don't know how it is, cousin Marianne," said he; "but when I am cross, you are never cross; and you can always bring me back to good-humour again, you are so good-humoured your self.—I wish I was like you.—But we

need not talk any more of that now—What is that I shall see on the other side of the turnpike-gate? What is it that I like very much?"

"Don't you like ripe cherries very much?"

"Yes; but they do not grow in these hedges."

"No; but there is an old woman sitting by the road-side, with a board before her, which is covered with red ripe cherries."

"Red ripe cherries! Let us make haste then," cried Owen. He ran on as fast as he could; but as soon as the children saw him running, they also began to run back to the turnstile; and they reached it before he did; and they held it fast as before, saying, "Promise you will not kick up the dust, or we will not let you through."

"The cherries are very ripe," said Marianne.

"Well, well, I will not kick up the dust—Let me through," said Owen.

They did so, and he kept his word; for though he was ill-humoured, he was a boy of truth, and he always kept his promises. He found the cherries looked red and ripe, as Marianne had described them

The old woman took up a long stick, which lay on the board before her. Bunches of cherries were tied with white thread to this stick; and, as she shook it in the air, over the heads of the children, they all looked up with longing eyes.

"A halfpenny a bunch!—Who will buy? Who will buy? Who will buy? —Nice ripe cherries!" cried the old woman.

The children held out their halfpence; and "Give me a bunch!" and "Give me a bunch!" was heard on all sides.

"Here are eleven of you," said the old woman, "and there are just eleven bunches on this stick." She put the stick into Marianne's hand as she spoke.

Marianne began to untie the bunches; and her companions pressed closer and closer to her, each eager to have the particular bunch which they thought the largest and the ripest.

Several fixed upon the uppermost, which looked indeed extremely ripe.

"You cannot all have this bunch," said Marianne; "to which of you must I give it? You all wish for it."

"Give it to me, give it to *me*," was the first cry of each; but the second was, "Keep it yourself, Marianne; keep it yourself."

"Now, Owen, see what it is to be good-natured and good-humoured, like Marianne," said William, the eldest of the boys, who stood near him—"We all are ready to give up the ripest cherries to Marianne; but we should never think of doing so for you, because you are so cross and disagreeable."

"I am not cross *now*; I am not disagreeable *now*," replied Owen; "and I do not intend to be cross and disagreeable any more."

This was a good resolution; but Owen did not keep it many minutes. In the bunch of cherries which Marianne gave to him for his share, there was one which, though red on one side, was entirely white and hard on the other.

"This cherry is not ripe: and here's another that has been half eaten away

by the birds. O Marianne, you gave me this bad bunch on purpose—I will not have this bunch."

"Somebody must have it," said William; "and I do not see that it is worse than the others; we shall all have some cherries that are not as good as the rest, but we shall not grumble, and look so cross about it as you do."

"Give me your bad cherries, and I will give you two out of my fine bunch, instead of them," said the good-natured "Marianne.

"No, no, no;" cried the children: "Marianne, keep your own cherries."

"Are you not ashamed, Owen?" said William: "How can you be so greedy?"

"Greedy! I am not greedy," cried Owen, angrily; "but I will not have

the worst cherries; I will have another bunch."

He tried to snatch another bunch from the stick. William held it above his head. Owen leaped up, reached it; and, when his companions closed round him, exclaiming against his violence, he grew more angry; he threw the stick down upon the ground, and trampled upon every bunch of the cherries in his fury, scarcely knowing what he did or what he said.

When his companions saw the ground stained with the red juice of their cherries, which he had trampled under his feet, they were both sorry and angry.

The children had not any more halfpence: they could not buy any more cherries; and the old woman said that she could not *give* them any.

As they went away sorrowfully, they said, "Owen is so ill-tempered, that we will not play with him, or speak to him, or have any thing to do with him."

Owen thought that he could make himself happy without his companions; and he told them so. But he soon found that he was mistaken.

When they arrived at the school-house, their dame was sitting in the thatched porch before her own door, reading a paper that was printed in large letters. —"My dears," said she to her little scholars, "here is something that you will be glad to see; but say your lessons first—One thing at a time; duty first, and pleasure afterwards—Whichever of you says your lesson best, shall know first what is in this paper, and shall have the pleasure of telling the good news."

Owen always learned his lessons very

well, and quickly; he now said his lesson better than any of his companions said theirs; and he looked round him with joy and triumph: but no eye met his with pleasure; nobody smiled upon him; no one was glad that he had succeeded; on the contrary, he heard those near him whisper, "I should have been very glad if it had been Marianne who had said her lesson best, because she is so good-natured."

The printed paper, which Owen read aloud, was as follows:—

"On Thursday evening next, the gate of the cherry orchard will be opened; and all, who have tickets, will be let in, from six o'clock till eight. Price of tickets, sixpence."

The children wished extremely to go to this cherry orchard, where they knew that they might gather as many cherries

as they liked, and where they thought that they should be very happy, sitting down under the trees, and eating fruit. —But none of these children had any money; for they had spent their last halfpence in paying for those cherries, which they never tasted—those cherries which Owen, in the fury of his passion, trampled in the dust.

The children asked their dame what they could do to earn sixpence a-piece; and she told them that they might perhaps be able to earn this money by plaiting straw for hats, which they had all been taught to make by their good dame.

Immediately the children desired to set to work.

Owen, who was very eager to go to the cherry orchard, was the most anxious to get forward with the business: he found, however, that nobody liked to

work along with him; his companions said, "We are afraid that you should quarrel with us.—We are afraid that you should fly into a passion about the straws, as you did about the cherries; therefore we will not work with you."

"Will not you? then I will work by myself," said Owen; "and I dare say that I shall have done my work long before you have any of you finished yours; for I can plait quicker and better than any of you."

It was true that Owen could plait quicker and better than any of his companions, but he was soon surprised to find that his work did not go on so fast as theirs.

After they had been employed all the remainder of this evening, and all the next day, Owen went to his companions, and compared his work with theirs.

"How is this?" said he; "how comes it that you have all done so much, and I have not done nearly so much, though I work quicker than any one of you, and I have worked as hard as I possibly could? What is the reason that you have done so much more than I have?"

"Because we have all been helping one another, and you have had no one to help you: you have been obliged to do every thing for yourself."

"But, still I do not understand how your helping one another can make such a difference," said Owen: "I plait faster than any of you."

His companions were so busy at their work, that they did not listen to what he was saying.—He stood behind Marianne, in a melancholy posture, looking at them, and trying to find out why they went on so much faster than he could.

—He observed, that one picked the outside off the straws; another cut them to the proper length; another sorted them and laid them in bundles; another flattened them; another (the youngest of the little girls, who was not able to do any thing else) held the straws ready for those who were plaiting; another cut off the rough ends of the straws when the plaits were finished; another ironed the plaits with a hot smoothing-iron; others sewed the plaits together. Each did what he could do best and quickest; and none of them lost any time in going from one work to another, or in looking for what they wanted.

On the contrary, Owen had lost a great deal of time in looking for all the things that he wanted; he had nobody to hold the straws ready for him as he plaited; therefore, he was forced to go

for them himself, every time he wanted them; and his straws were not sorted in nice bundles for him; the wind blew them about; and he wasted half an hour, at least, in running after them. Besides this, he had no friend to cut off the rough ends for him; nor had he any one to sew the plaits together; and though he could plait quickly, he could not sew quickly, for he was not used to this kind of work. He wished extremely for Marianne to do it for him. He was once a full quarter of an hour in threading his needle, of which the eye was too small.—Then he spent another quarter of an hour in looking for one with a larger eye and he could not find it at last, and nobody would lend him another.—When he had done sewing, he found that *his hand was out for plaiting:* that is, he could not plait so

quickly after his fingers had just been used to another kind of work; and when he had been smoothing the straws with a heavy iron, his hand trembled afterwards for some minutes, during which time he was forced to be idle: thus it was that he lost time, by doing every thing for himself; and though he lost but a few minutes and seconds in each particular, yet when all these minutes and seconds were added together, they made a great difference.

"How fast, how very fast they go on! and how merrily!" said Owen, as he looked at his former companions—"I am sure I shall never earn sixpence for myself before Thursday; and I shall not be able to go to the cherry orchard—I am very sorry that I trampled on your cherries; I am very sorry that I was so ill-humoured—I will never be cross any more."

"He is very sorry that he was so ill-humoured; he is very sorry that he trampled on our cherries!" cried Marianne; "Do you hear what he says? he will never be cross any more."

"Yes, we hear what he says," answered William; "but how are we to be sure that he will do as he says?"

"Oh," cried another of his companions, "he has found out at last, that he must do as he would be done by."

"Aye," said another; "and he finds that we, who are good-humoured and good-natured to one another, do better even than he who is so quick and so clever."

"But if, besides being so quick and so clever, he was good-humoured and good-natured," said Marianne, "he would be of great use to us; he plaits a vast deal faster than Mary does, and

Mary plaits faster than any of us—Come let us try him, let him come in amongst us."

"No, no, no," cried many voices; "he will quarrel with us, and we have no time for quarrelling—We are all so quiet and so happy without him! Let him work by himself, as he said he would."

Owen went on working by himself. he made all the haste that he possibly could; but Thursday came and his work was not nearly finished.—His companions passed by him with their finished work in their hands.—Each as they passed, said, "What, have you not done yet, Owen?" and then they walked on to the table where their dame was sitting, ready to pay them their sixpences.

She measured their work, and examined it; and when she saw that it

was well done, she gave to each of her little workmen and workwomen the sixpences which they had earned; and she said, "I hope, my dears, that you will be happy this evening."

They all looked joyful; and, as they held their sixpences in their hands, they said, "If we had not helped one another, we should not have earned this money; and we should not be able to go to the cherry orchard."

"Poor Owen," whispered Marianne to her companions; "look how melancholy he is, sitting there alone at his work! See! his hands tremble, so that he can scarcely hold the straws; he will not have nearly finished his work in time; he cannot go with us."

"He should not have trampled upon our cherries; and then, perhaps, we might have helped him," said William.

"Let us help him, though he did trample on our cherries," said the good-natured Marianne—"He is sorry for what he did, and he will never be so ill-humoured or ill-natured again.—Come, let us go and help him.—If we all help, we shall have his work finished in time, and then we shall all be happy together."

As Marianne spoke, she drew William near to the corner where Owen was sitting; and all her companions followed.

"Before we offer to help him, let us try whether he is now inclined to be good-humoured and good-natured."

"Yes, yes, let us try that first," said his companions.

"Owen, you will not have done time enough to go with us," said William.

"No, indeed," said Owen, "I shall not; therefore I may as well give up all thoughts of it.—It is my own fault, I know."

"Well, but as you cannot go yourself, you will not want your pretty little basket; will you lend it to us to hold our cherries?"

"Yes, I will with pleasure," cried Owen, jumping up to fetch it.

"Now he is good-natured I am sure," said Marianne.

"This plaiting of yours is not nearly so well done as ours," said William; "look how uneven it is."

"Yes, it is rather uneven, indeed," replied Owen.

William began to untwist some of Owen's work; and Owen bore this trial of his patience with good temper.

'Oh, you are pulling it all to pieces

William," said Marianne; "this is not fair!"

"Yes it is fair," said William, "for I have undone only an inch; and I will do as many inches for Owen as he pleases, now that I see he is good-humoured."

Marianne immediately sat down to work for Owen; and William and all his companions followed her example. —It was now two hours before the time when the cherry orchard was to be opened; and during these two hours they went on so expeditiously that they completed the work.

Owen went with them to the cherry orchard, where they spent the evening all together very happily.—As he was sitting under a tree with his companions, eating the ripe cherries, he said to them, —"Thank you all for helping me; I

should not have been here now eating these ripe cherries, if you had not been so good-natured to me—I hope I shall never be cross to any of you again: whenever I feel inclined to be cross, I will think of your good-nature to me, and of the CHERRY ORCHARD."

THE END.

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